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JEM SMITH YIELDS THE HONOR TO JAKE KILRAIN.

The National
POLICE
THE WORLD'S CHAMPION
GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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HAIL TO THE VICTOR.

COLUMBIA CROWNS THE MODEST BROW OF THE GLADIATOR WHO BRINGS HER BACK THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1888.

THE CHAMPION'S COLORS.

The magnificent colors which were worn by Jake Kilrain in his great fight of 106 rounds with Jem Smith for the championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, are now ready. These colors are printed on silk of the very best quality, and measure 34x35 inches. The designs are woven in brilliant hues, and the whole emblem constitutes a superb souvenir. They can be obtained at this office at the rate of \$5 apiece, which exactly covers their cost. As only a few have been manufactured those who desire to secure the American champion's colors should send their orders in at once.

KILRAIN IS CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

The present champion of the world is Jake Kilrain, backed by Richard K. Fox as champion of America in his fight with Jem Smith, champion of England.

Make no mistake about it. Hereafter, and until the title is wrested from him or he gives it up, Jake Kilrain is champion of the world and lawful wearer of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt.

When John L. Sullivan's heart failed him and he refused to meet the English champion, Richard K. Fox, as we said last week, resolved that he had to be whipped by a real American champion. But first a real American champion had to be proclaimed. There were two ways in which to do it.

Either the American championship had to be won from Sullivan in fair fight, or, should it be impossible to force Sullivan and his well-known want of heart into the ring, the championship had to be surrendered by him to Kilrain pacifically, if not as a prize of battle.

Sullivan could not be made to fight. A team of oxen could not have dragged him into the ring. Rather than strike a blow for it he turned the championship over to Jake Kilrain, much to the latter's disgust, for he wanted to win it by his prowess and not by his rival's cowardice.

Thus came it about that Jake Kilrain faced Jem Smith on the island in the Seine and then and there did battle for the championship of the world.

Let it be remembered hereafter in Jem Smith's behalf that, unlike John L. Sullivan, he strode into the ring and boldly and stoutly fought for the laurels of international championship.

How the fight was contested, how the two men fiercely and strenuously struggled for the mastery, how now Kilrain led, how then Jem Smith seemed to be uppermost, how the issue finally drifted into Kilrain's hands, how Smith began to drop and fall in order to prolong the conflict into darkness, and how at last the deepening shadows of the December night fell upon the gladiators and gave the referee the long-desired excuse to pronounce the fight a draw has all been told in these columns.

But Richard K. Fox was discontented with such an ending, and so he promptly and decisively telegraphed to George W. Atkinson, referee of the great contest, that the fight must be finished.

In reply, Mr. Atkinson cabled him that everybody in London pronounced Kilrain the better man, and that Smith refused to renew the battle.

In other words, Kilrain and his backer stood ready to end the conflict with a decided result, but Smith, discouraged by his defeat and, probably, bereft of the confidence of his backers, will fight no more.

On these grounds, justly and resolutely, we claim for Jake Kilrain the title of champion of the world and the belt, which is that championship's emblem. The stakes were divided, under the referee's decision that the battle was a draw. All that Mr. Fox could do was to keep his word and assign to Kilrain the \$5,000 which he had battled for and the \$1,000 which he gave him to bet upon himself. Had Smith's \$5,000 been forfeited, as it ought in equity and honor, if not under the rules, that, also, would have been handed to Kilrain.

But what neither Smith nor his backers can, in their hour of defeat confessed, withhold from Kilrain is the championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which is its symbol.

Hats off, everywhere, to Jake Kilrain, champion of the world!

EXTRA

THE BATTLE.

Jake Kilrain's Wonderful Mastery of the British Champion.

MORE DETAILS.

The Dauntless Representative of America Lays Out the Englishman.

FOUL PLAY.

Charlie Mitchell Strikes a Strong Blow for Square Dealing.

A VIVID PICTURE

Kilrain's Marvelous Performance Fully Described by a Graphic Spectator.

"NIGHTORBLUCHER."

The Briton Gasps a Hope For the Shades of Darkness.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

The Best Description of the Fight.

Blakely Hall, the famous journalist, gives this vivid picture of the battle:

PARIS, Dec. 19.—Kilrain came as near whipping the champion of England to-day as a man could and still miss it. He knocked Jem Smith down thirty odd times in two hours and a half. There was no prospect of Smith winning, and every assurance that Kilrain would knock him out when the fight was called, on account of darkness ostensibly, but really because about 75 Englishmen saw the money that they had placed so radiantly on Smith going rapidly out of sight.

It was the most distinguished body of men who ever went to a mill. It cost from \$200 upward to see the muscular giants pound each other into pitiable and bloody helplessness. The distinguished party left the Pelican Club in London on Sunday night and met at the Victoria Station at 8 o'clock, thence by rail to New Haven where everybody climbed gloomily into a stuffy little boat that ran to Dieppe, in France. After the boat had made enthusiastic and earnest endeavors to turn over twice in different directions at the same time for seven long hours the distinguished party trooped ashore at Dieppe, a landing place that is famous for gloom, dampness and a breakfast of surpassing and spectacular misery. The men looked haggard and worn. It had been a wearisome crossing and the rain was falling in torrents.

The Marquis of Queensberry wandered socially about. He is small, quietly dressed, and smooth shaven except for two patches of whiskers, and the picture of the conventional British waiter except that he is vastly more unassuming than that haughty menial. Lord De-Clifford was what might be called chummy. Lord Charetton was inclined to go off into corners and stare at his boots, and Lord Mayo looked monstrously damp and solemn. Among the others were Capt. Lee Barber, Col. Browne, the Hon. Michael Sandy, Arthur Cooper, Count Saville, Capt. Drummond, Mr. Mackay, Capt. Bailey, Willis Wilde, the suave six-foot brother of Oscar, and numerous others. It was a perfectly managed affair. To be discovered meant imprisonment for the spectators as well as the principals. From point to point of the long railroad journey that followed, Mr. George Atkinson, editor of the *Sporting Life*, received messages that decided his course. Meanwhile another party, consisting of the two fighters and their seconds, journeyed west from Paris. They met at Rouen. There was another change, and the whole party journeyed on. It was now about 10 o'clock in the morning, and the members of the party were so badgered and harassed that they went this way or that as they were bid like sleepy children.

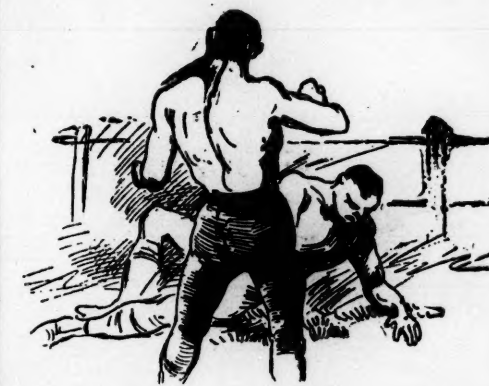
After the train had been running two hours it was discovered that four of Kilrain's friends had been lost on the way. They were Charley Johnston, Jimmy Wakeley, Phil Lynch and W. D. Morton. They had travelled 3,000 miles to see the mill, but missed it at the last minute. At Bonnières the crowd streamed aboard a solitary tugboat and set off up the river Seine. There were seventy-eight Englishmen and four Americans on board. Smith was constantly surrounded by friends, but Jake Kilrain sat almost alone. His friends were Pony Moore and Charley Mitchell, and mighty good friends they proved to be later on.

The boat ran to a small and swampy island in a marshy part of the river. A twenty-four-foot ring was made with stakes and ropes that had been taken along, and at 2:10 P. M. Smith ran up and bounded into the ring. He looked fit to fight for his life, and the lords and swells and millionaires cheered him to the echo.

"If you can't whip the Yankee to-day, Jimmy," yelled an enthusiastic Captain of dragoons, "you can never do it, you know."

"I'll lay 200 to 100 on Smith," yelled a lord. "Seventy to 20 on our Jimmie," yelled another. Everywhere the cry was for Smith. His seconds were a noisy, tricky and brutal Cockney named Jack Baldock and a man named Jack Harper. J. Fleming was timekeeper and umpire for Smith.

Kilrain walked up to the ring amid comparative silence. His face was set and determined. He knew that he was alone, but for his seconds, Charley Mitchell and Ned Donnelly, and his friend Pony Moore. Charley Rowell was Kilrain's bottle-holder. The fight was for the largest purse ever known in the prize ring.



JAKE KNOCKS JEM DOWN WITH HIS RIGHT.

Before the battle began W. E. Harding stepped into the ring and handed Kilrain £200 to bet as he chose. It was a present from Richard K. Fox, of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, who backed Kilrain. The Marquis of Queensberry was to have acted as referee, and he was quite willing, too, but there was a hitch, and Mr. Atkinson took his place.

The sun came out and brightened up the scene as the men stepped out in the middle of the ring and looked each other over. They were as well matched as any pair of gladiators the world has seen. Each weighed about 160 pounds, though Kilrain was about four pounds the heavier. The men were trained fine, and their muscles played like steel fibres under satin as they moved about. Each was stripped to the waist. The waists of the men were wound in big plasters to give them strength, and resin was sprinkled over their bare and knobby hands. The water rippled round the little island, and some peasants across the river ceased ploughing their field to stare at the crowd of handsomely dressed Englishmen crowding around two half naked and magnificent-looking men. The ones for Smith rent the air. It was the most important fight since that of Heenan and Sayers, and everybody knew it.

THE FIGHT BEGINS.

The referee called time and the two combatants jumped forward. Smith swung his big arms straight in front of him and danced a bit on his pins. Kilrain, or the Yankee, as he is called, stood in an easy position with his hands well down and his shoulders back. Smith looked wicked, Kilrain confident. Smith had fought and defeated such veteran fighters as Greenfield and Davis. Kilrain had not only never been in the regular professional prize ring, but he had not even seen a bare knuckle fight. He looked as clean cut as a race horse.

Kilrain made a feint at Smith, let go a low left-hander, and then brought his left in on the Englishman's jaw with a shock like a sand-club's blow. It was an early and forcible indication that Kilrain was in earnest. Smith rushed in on him. They clinched and fell with Smith on top. The cheers of the Englishmen were deafening. Both men were picked up and carried to their corners.

FIRST BLOOD FOR KILRAIN.

2—The men sprang at each other hotly. There was a sharp interchange of blows, and then some terrific slugging followed. Kilrain sent in a slight left-hander that split Smith's lips up and down and sent the blood splattering over his chest and arms. Harding claimed first blood for Kilrain and got it. Smith caught Kilrain's swinging right-hander that nearly ripped Kilrain's ear from his head, and sent the blood streaming over him, too. The men clinched and fell, with Smith on top.

3—Smith rushed and knocked Kilrain down, falling on him heavily. Both men were now red with blood, and Kilrain's left eye was closed.

4—When Kilrain came up for this round there was something in the expression of his good eye that caused Smith's seconds to warn him. Kilrain ducked a long blow of Smith's, and, coming up, dealt the Englishman one in the neck that almost put him to sleep. He hit him again in the same place and threw him heavily by a back lock.

5 to 10—The next six rounds were precisely similar. In every one Smith received frightful punishment and was thrown at the end of each round.

SMITH'S TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

11—The men stood before each other in a dead silence. The Englishmen who had been backing a sure thing were startled. The hardest hitter in England was a mass of blood and bruises. Kilrain's forehead was laid open and his face swollen, but he smiled quietly as he stepped in front of his man.

"You don't think so, Jem," he said, softly, "but the fight won't be yours."

Smith made a feint, and a moment later Kilrain shot



JEM GOES FOR JAKE'S BELT.

out his left, and catching the Briton square on the chin knocked him flat and cold. They picked Smith up, but he seemed more dead than alive, but he rallied quickly.

SOME OF SMITH'S TRICKS.

Then began a series of knock-down blows. Up to the 50th round Kilrain knocked Smith down twenty times. Smith's backers walked away from the ring. The men had been fighting steadily for more than an hour, and Smith was still facing the music. Then began the trouble that the handful of Americans had feared. Smith tried to gouge out Kilrain's eye. In one round later his second tried the same trick. In both cases the outrage was so plain that everybody saw it, and it should be said that it drove several Englishmen over to Kilrain's side. His magnificent fighting qualities commanded the admiration of even the heaviest losers, but there was a rowdy element that endorsed the tricky Briton. It was evident Smith was fighting for time. He would fall when Kilrain struck at him so as to gain time. Everything was done so as to stretch out the time.

Mitchell saw the scheme and protested hotly. He fought like a major, but the combination was too strong for him.

After the men had been fighting two hours and a half, and when Kilrain had brought the 100th round to a close by knocking Smith down and a left handed blow in the jaw, the fight was declared a draw on account of darkness.

Kilrain was the lion on the trip home. He was so straight, manly and honest that the crowd forsook Smith and turned to the man who had fought so pluckily and fairly against long odds. Kilrain will come out well ahead, as Mr. Fox agreed to give him whatever money was up, win or lose.

The men are to fight again in a room with twelve people on a side to decide the championship. Already the betting is two to one on Kilrain.

After the fight the weary sportsmen trooped off by twos and threes to talk over the result of the match and avoid the police, who had become alert. If it had not been for Mitchell's persistent and belligerent espousal of Kilrain's cause there is no doubt that the American would have been very seriously maimed, if not blinded. It was to the credit of the Englishmen present that they were loudest and most emphatic in condemnation of the cowardly methods employed by Smith's second. Baldock was very brutal and atrocious in his efforts to make Smith win by foul play. At the Aquarium on Saturday, Dec. 10, at Sullivan's last exhibition, he said in the presence of several witnesses, "Yes, Smith will win. I would make him win if he were nothing but a cat."

The seconds were compelled to remain outside the



MITCHELL SMASHES BALDOCK.

ropes as long as the men were fighting, but the instant they clinched and went down the seconds jumped into the ring to lift them and carry them to their corners. It was at these moments that Baldock indulged in his foul practices. His agility was wonderful; he would spring over the ropes like a cat and throw himself upon the heels of the two pugilists with their bloody arms clasped around each other's necks. There would be a shout from Mitchell and very often from the spectators too, who observed the villainy of the second.

GOUGING KILRAIN'S EYE.

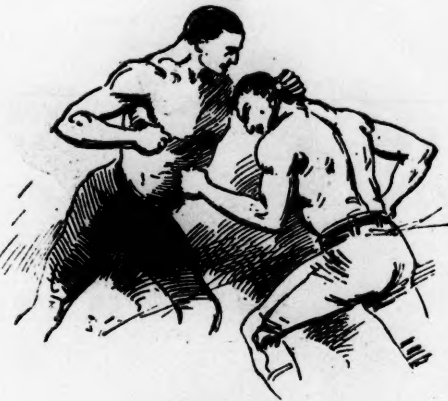
At the end of the 32d round, after Kilrain had staggered to his feet half blinded to the place where Atkinson, the referee, stood against the ropes, he pointed one finger to his left eye and said quietly:

The "Police Gazette" Standard Book of Rules, governing every branch of sport, sent by mail on receipt of 2 cents. An invaluable book for sportsmen.

"Mr. Atkinson, that man Baldock rammed his finger into my eye as I lay there and tried to gouge it out. You can see for yourself."

He was pointing to his left eye, from which the blood was streaming. The right eye had been closed for an hour. The wound in the eye was on the lower lid, where the nails of Smith's second had dug into it. Fortunately he had not succeeded in piercing the eyeball. At this moment the two seconds of Smith were carrying that brawny but breathless champion of England to his corner. Atkinson reproved Baldock, and Kilrain went back to his corner.

In the thirty-eighth round the two men fell very near



CLOSE FIGHTING.

Smith's corner. Mitchell was on the other side of the 24-foot ring. Baldock was immediately over the spot where they lay. He vaulted the ropes and leaned over the men as though endeavoring to part them. In reality he seized one of Kilrain's fingers with the intention of breaking it. Mitchell's eye caught the motion, and he dashed across the ring landing on Baldock. The spectacle followed of a light-weight second flying at a large and muscular body. Mitchell struck Baldock in every way as he rushed at him, and knocked him completely out of the ring. Baldock, who certainly has plenty of pluck, came back over the ropes and rushed at Mitchell, livid and stuttering with rage. The other seconds separated them, and saved Baldock from what he deserved.

It is due to Mitchell to say that but for him Kilrain would have fared very much harder. He resented every display of brutal injustice in the sharpest manner. At one point after the crowd had howled at him for backing up his principal, he jumped into the middle of the ring and shouted, shaking his fist, "You dare not maltreat my man. I blush to have to acknowledge that you are Englishmen. Here's a lad come 3,000 miles over the sea to fight your champion. He never even saw a prize fight before. He has no friends here, while there's a hundred against him. He's going to have his rights or I've got to get licked as well as he."

THE BATTERED PUGILIST.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more revolting than the condition of the men at the end of the fight. It had grown dusky, and the spectators were shivering in the shrill winter's wind. The two magnificent athletes of three hours before were battered almost out of human semblance. Kilrain's right eye was puffed up like a miniature balloon. His left eye was battered, but still partly open, and he had a heavy cut across his nose. His jaw looked like a piece of raw beefsteak, and the bumps on his forehead stood out like eggs. A continual stream of blood flowed from his right ear where it was torn. All over his body, from the big abrasions where the resin-smearing flats of the opponent had fallen, continual sponging could not keep the blood from smearing the body. But, bad as Kilrain's appearance was, Smith's was worse. He had been pounded till his face was battered out of its former semblance, his lips had been cut by early blows of Kilrain, and each subsequent smash had puffed and swollen them violently.

At the Ring Side.

LONDON, Dec. 20, 1887.

It is narrated by a spectator, a close observer, that when on the ground they manfully abstained from taking any unfair advantage and remained passive until picked up by their seconds. Occasionally, of course, there were objections and appeals to the referee by the seconds, but, although words were bandied freely about, a dash of wit turned the situation into one of the most laughable description. At one time one man waited until his opponent was rising from his seat, whereupon the following conversation took place.

Harper—Doesn't your man want to fight, Donnelly?



KILRAIN'S UNDER-CUT.

Donnelly—You'll not be in a hurry after a few more rounds.

Mr. Harding—Look! We claim first blood.

Harper (amid much laughter)—You've been asleep; we drew that some time ago.

Mitchell—It's a nice day, Jake. Take your time. It's ten to one on you.

Here Kilrain knocked Smith down with a terrific right-hander on the left ear, which immediately swelled up.

Donnelly—Hallo! He is getting weak.

Harper—Yes, a fortnight.

Mr. A. Cooper—Kilrain is a good man and a fair fighter too, Smith. He's a better man than ever I thought him.

After a few more rounds they clinched and wrestled for a fall, and a bystander remarked, "He can't throw him?" to which Kilrain replied, "Can't I throw him?" and over went Smith.

As they were being carried to their respective corners Mitchell said: "Look, Jake, at his ear. Don't stand their hank."

At one period the altercation between the seconds was amusing, Mitchell appealing to the referee in the 31st round:

"Here! They are gouging my man!"

Baldock—You lie; you know I wouldn't do such a thing.

Mitchell—No, John; it's a shame to accuse you of such conduct. You'd forgive me, Jack, won't you? (sardonically).

Howes—Kilrain is a fighter.

Governor Fleming—He's a much better man than I thought him.

Donnelly—Let's have fair play, and may the best man win.

"Pony" Moore—You know we are in a strange country.

After the 40th round Donnelly and Baldock, who had sworn vengeance previously, went into the centre of the ring and shook hands vigorously.

Donnelly—Look, gentlemen, he walks to his corner.

Harper—That's because you can't carry him.

Baldock (to Smith, sitting in his corner)—Oh! Jem, if I had a looking glass! Anybody would kiss you. (Here Baldock suited the action to the word by kissing Smith.)

Mitchell (as Jake walked to the centre)—Keep your hands shut; come a little this way.

A Spectator—We'll want some candles soon.

Mitchell (sardonically)—Look out, Jake; mind Jem's left. He changes that leg and gives an awful punch in the darby.

Harper—When he does get it there you'll not like it, take my word.

Baldock (hysterically)—Go on, Jem; your constitution can stand it.

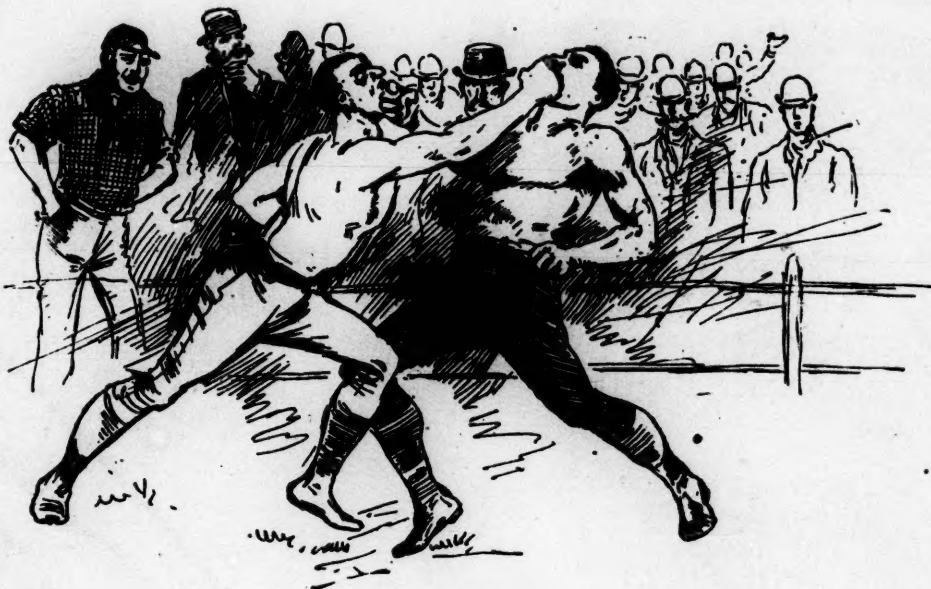
Howes—Don't stand so much of that wrestling, Jem. (To bystander)—Kilrain's a good 'un.

Mitchell—Oh! look at poor Jem's ear. I wouldn't have that ear for all the money in the Bank of England.

Harper—Ah! wait until you meet Sullivan, Mitchell.

Donnelly—Charley, don't you think we had better give them half an hour's rest?

Harper—You'll want two before long.



A TERRIBLE ROUND.

Baldock—Jem, I thought we had lost an hour ago. You can win; now set about him.

After two more rounds great commotion prevailed. In the midst of which Baldock and Donnelly looked very much like engaging in a scrap; but fortunately their men required carrying to their corners and the turmoil ceased.

Harper—Look at that eye, Jem. I'll give you my word he can't see you.

Kilrain (to Harper)—Yes, I can, and you, also, my gentleman.

When seven more rounds had been fought and the men were on the ground Kilrain, in answer to the cries of Smith's seconds to get off their man, said:

"IF I CAN'T WIN FAIR, I DON'T WANT TO WIN."

Mitchell—Smith has said he hoped Jake would make him fight half an hour. He'll be accommodated to-day.

At the termination of the 71st round Donnelly, while carrying Kilrain to his corner, sang "Sweet Violeta." On completing 77 rounds Mitchell appealed to the referee, declaring that his man's face had been torn.

Smith—No, no; I wouldn't do such a thing.

Baldock—It isn't likely.

Mitchell—Oh! your god is a wooden one.

Kilrain, after showing his face to the referee and asking that official to "watch those fellows," walked to his corner and was subsequently ordered by Mitchell to make his time.

Harper—Wait till you meet Sullivan.

Mitchell—Ah! the sooner the better. I have beaten all comers, and when I meet that bluff the fight will not last so long as this. Be careful in that corner and don't try to break my man's fingers.

Harper—Smith's will break his jaw.

Fleming—The men are all right; it's the seconds who are making all the row.

Mitchell—Look out for Jack Baldock.

Baldock—You are a nice 'un; you'll want me to second you against Sullivan.

Mitchell (hearing some talk about postponement through darkness)—Say, don't talk about darkness; look at the moon. God bless the old moon.

A spectator—You'll want candles soon.

Concluding the 79th round, Smith's seconds attempted to carry him, but Jem said, "Let me walk."

Mitchell—Now, look here; there must be no nonsense this time or there'll be somebody hurt, and it won't be me.

As they advanced for the 101st round Mitchell said: "Now, let's have one good round and give the fight to the best man."

London Opinions.

LONDON, Dec. 20, 1887.

The Kilrain-Smith prize fight has been the great topic all day, and the account of it given by the European edition of the *Herald*, as the newspaper nearest to the scene, was much sought this evening at Smith's and Willing's stalls.

Jem Smith has been welcomed back by his friends and extolled for his pluck and endurance. Kilrain has already deposed Sullivan from his pinnacle of popularity.

The evening press, having had more time to digest the particulars than had the morning press, gave much space to comments.

The heading in the *Globe* is "Yesterday's Wrestling." It says that the fight does not seem to have been a very exhilarating performance; in fact, there was more wrestling than fighting, and as at this part of the business the American was a good deal more expert than his opponent most of the 106 rounds ended in Smith's being thrown with Kilrain on top of him.

DRAWS THE BLOODSHED LINE AT RIOTS.

The *Full Mail Gazette* sharply criticises the "degrading and disgusting spectacle." It appears to draw the line at riots. The editor observes that on Sunday morning the Vicar of Emanuel Church, Nottingham, made a sensation in his church by boldly denouncing the Prince of Wales and the newspaper press for their share in the revival of prize fighting. He said it was his duty to speak out when the second person in the kingdom, after opening a church, shook hands with and patronized a pugilist, whose object was a breach of the law. He would rather see the church disestablished and himself go with it than receive the support of cowardly papers.

The *Echo* comments thus: "The select company who witnessed the spectacle yesterday paid a compliment to England and offered an insult to France. But why should Englishmen sneak away to France to perform deeds they dare not do in England? What have the people of France done to deserve this disrespect? The French people may well complain that their soil has been selected for the exploits of British law-breakers, and they do complain."

THE PRIZE RING AND THE PARLOR.

The *St. James's Gazette* regrets that "The atmosphere of the prize ring is pervading society. The Hon. Col. Cody having made his graceful exit his place is taken by the legitimate descendant of those gladiators whose admission to Roman drawing rooms irritated Juvenal. Not only is the slang of pugilism heard in the

Kilrain before the contest, he had thought him too lathy looking and too slow, but now he regarded Kilrain as the best man. He said that had Kilrain won the belt he (Knifton), although he had practically retired, would have challenged the latter as champion of the world, so as to sustain the honor of England. Referring to the probabilities of a fight between Sullivan and Mitchell, Knifton added that he was favorably inclined to Sullivan's success, as he regarded Sullivan as the greatest pugilist in the world. He deprecated the agreement of the two men to call the fight a draw, and thought they ought to have complied with Referee Atkinson's decision to resume the fight on the morrow. In his



JAKE WAS ALWAYS ON TOP.

opinion the contest partook too much of a wrestling match if the accounts were correct. He said he was not going to America, as his business was large and he could not go. Asked if he thought there would be another fight, he replied that as Kilrain undoubtedly had the best of the fight at the finish he ought to challenge Smith to a new trial.

Jack Massey, who has retired from the ring to teach boxing at his inn, The Horse and Groom, and whose hands were broken in a match with Knifton and to whom Smith once paid forfeit, agreed with much that Knifton had said, but thought that at the last round the chances were equal for the two.

Tom Symonds, also a retired pugilist, boxing teacher and keeper of The Blue Anchor Inn in Shoreditch, said that he was surprised also at the result, for he had expected Smith to win easily after he had seen Kilrain's exhibitions. Although Kilrain had the advantage in reach and height, Smith was a sturdier looking and better made man.

"Why," exclaimed Symonds, "Smith is tied up with muscle. Kilrain seems to have been of an india rubber kind."

AN AMATEUR'S IDEAS.

One of the most famous amateur boxers, who is well known in Capel Court as an authority, but who asked that his name be withheld from print, said frankly:

"I was for Smith yesterday morning, but after reading the details of the fight I regard Kilrain as the better of the two. Some American papers were shrewd in giving out that he was faulty with his fist, because it was that which knocked down Smith four times."

Touching any contest between Sullivan and Mitchell this amateur, although claiming Mitchell to be one of the best boxers England possesses, believed that Sullivan, if he could be well trained, must prove the winner.

MANY OTHER OPINIONS.

Bill Reader, the nine-stone champion, who recently in a glove fight defeated Dave Burke, brother to Jack Burke, now in America, was also visited, and in turn other experts, and he and they expressed their opinions strongly as to Kilrain's good qualities and as "having up his sleeve more than was usually accredited to him." They agreed that Smith himself must have been the most surprised of anybody at Kilrain.

There can be no doubt that Kilrain's splendid performance has taken the English sports completely by surprise. One of the best judges of fighting here, who has seen all the big fights in England for twenty years past and has witnessed not a few in America, declared to-day, on his return to London, that he has never seen so magnificently natural and free a hitter as Kilrain, and other good judges say the same thing in a variety of expressive phrases. It was, in truth, accepted by most Englishmen that Kilrain would be beaten within an hour, and many bets were made that Smith would win in a number of rounds variously estimated from five to ten.

The friends of Smith, who only the other day were proclaiming their anxiety to back him against Sullivan, are now very coy when that subject is mentioned, and their ambition has descended very considerably. They would now prefer that Smith should tackle Mitchell

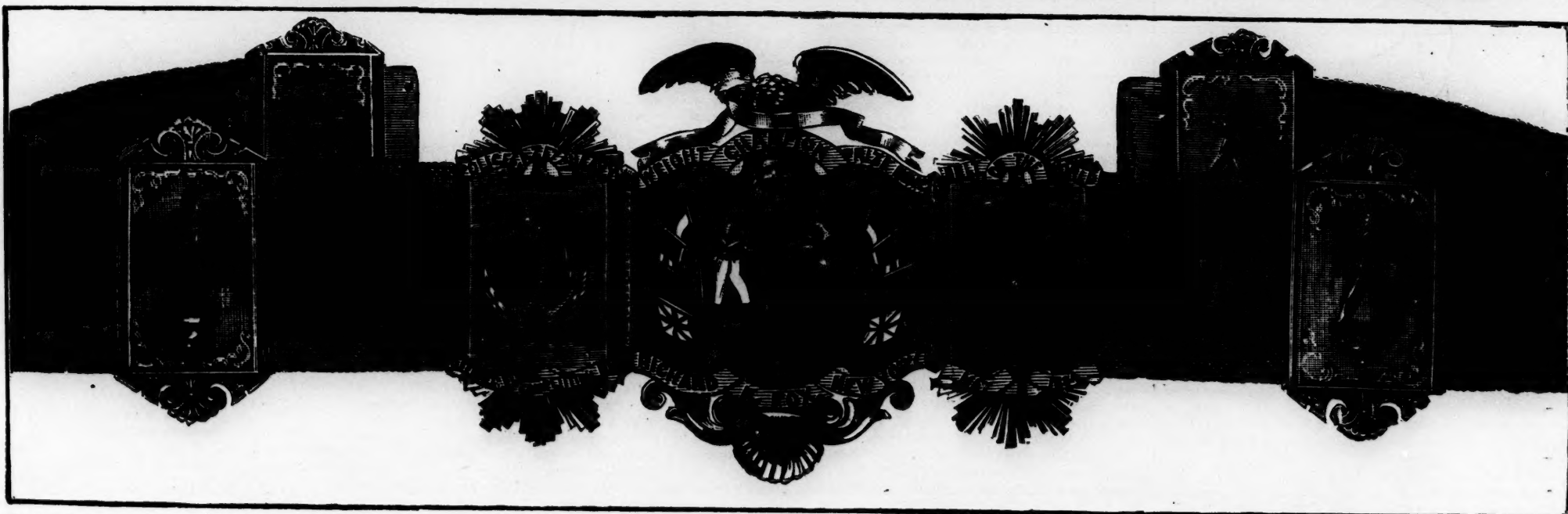
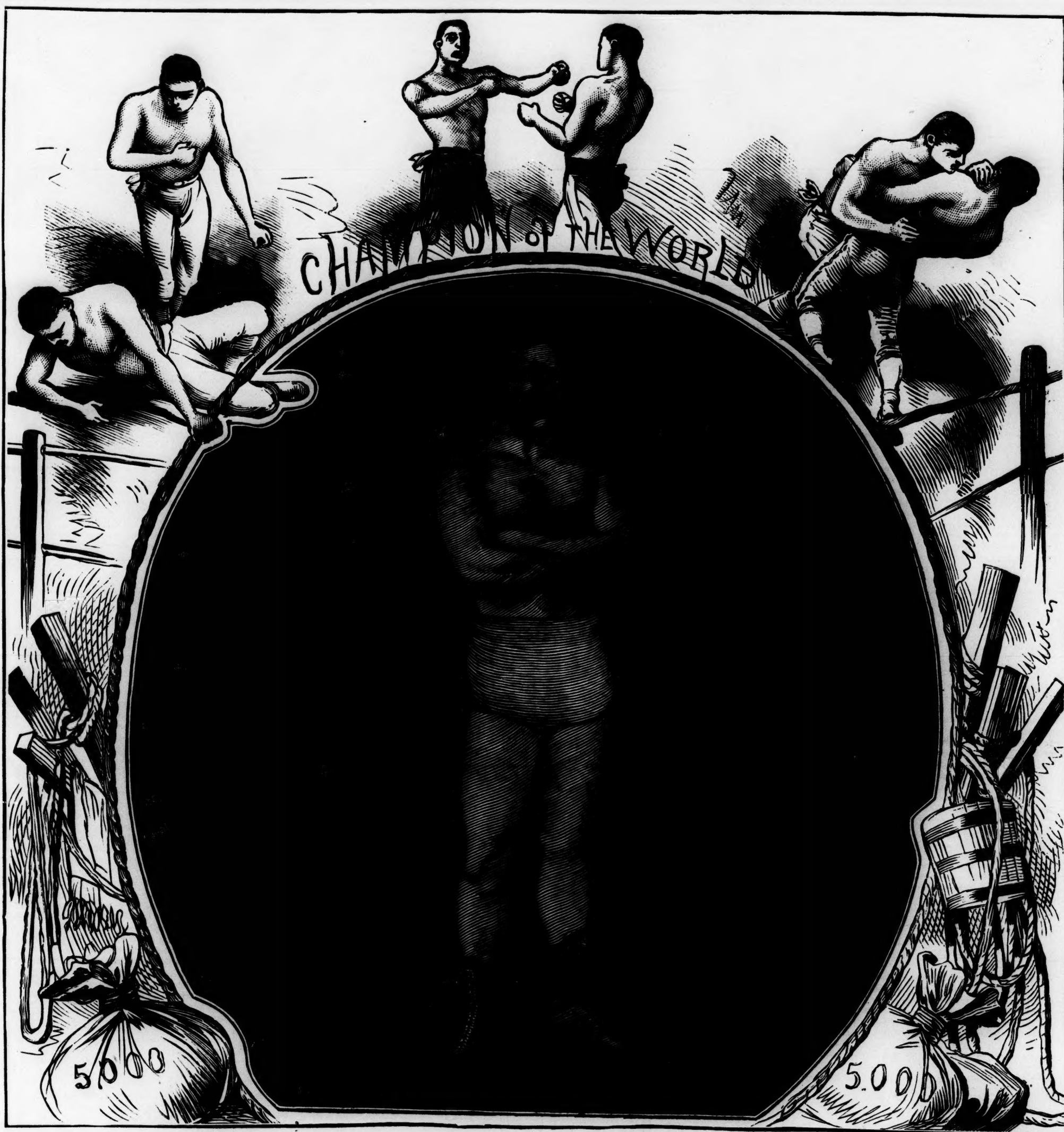


IN SMITH'S CORNER.

after Sullivan has done with him. Of course, they graciously explain, as soon as he has had time to recuperate. Probably they now remember how often they were told of Sullivan's immense superiority over

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX.]

Jake Kilrain's colors (the greatest pugilist of modern times) can be had at the POLICE GAZETTE office. Price \$5. Every saloonkeeper should have the American Hero's beautiful colors framed for his bar.



THE GLADIATOR AND HIS TROPHY.



THEY PLAYED PROMINENT PARTS.

THE GROUP OF SPORTING MEN WHO CONDUCTED THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL BATTLE FOR THE "POLICE GAZETTE"
DIAMOND BELT AND TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

I.—Representative Harding. II.—Referee Atkinson. III.—Charley Mitchell, Kilrain's English Second. IV.—Manager Fleming, For Smith. V.—Richard K. Fox, the American Champion's
Only Backer. VI.—Charles Rowell, Bottle-Holder for the American. VII.—Charley Johnson, American Sport. VIII.—Prof. Ned Donnelly, the Irish Second of Kilrain.

THE BIG FIGHT.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE.]

Kilrain, and they are inclined to admit the logic of the question, if Sullivan can beat Kilrain easily and Smith scarcely succeeded in securing a draw against Kilrain, what is the value of Smith's chances against Sullivan?

I feel bound, however, to place on record here the enthusiastic optimism of the sporting gentleman who traveled from Paris with Smith and his friends to-day. This man is prepared to bet, borrow or steal £500 with which to back Smith against Sullivan for the reason which he evidently thinks conclusive, and that is that not one man in 10,000 would have got up within an hour after receiving the terrible blow on the ear which Kilrain administered to Smith early in yesterday's fight. "Sullivan," exclaimed the enthusiast, "could not possibly hit much harder than that blow," and therefore Jem could stand against the much vaunted Bostonian.

The Men in Paris.

PARIS, Dec. 20.

When the glorious sun broke through the window of the Hotel de l'Athenes this morning it discovered a tableau that for a moment caused it to waver and grow dim, as though obscured by a passing cloud. The spectacle in question was located on the second floor. Two tubs were placed within a foot of each other, and in them sat two mighty gladiators paddling water gently with their scarred and swollen fists and glancing at each other's billowy muscles.

Yesterday Smith and Kilrain were fighting as though for their lives. To-day their names were in the world's mouth. Even the French newspapers have gone agog over the great contest, the universal feeling here in Paris being that it is a triumph of nineteenth century civilization that two men could meet in the presence of members of the French and English nobility and pummel each other without losing temper or presence of mind. Nothing could have exceeded the friendly feeling that the two battered pugilists exhibited this morning.

"That's a terrible left you've got there, Jem," remarked Kilrain, looking with undisguised admiration at the Englishman's big arm. "Twas that loosened my ear."

"No, Jack," corrected the other, allowing water to drip slowly over the big arm on to his shoulder. "I done that with my right. It was after the fifth round when you slipped sideways."

"Well, do you know what it was?" asked Kilrain, slowly but earnestly. "It was a soaker."

At this gracious and magnanimous praise an expression of conscious embarrassment came over the battered assortment of rumped features that Mr. Smith is



THE ENGLISHMAN GETS DOWNED AGAIN.

wearing in lieu of what was formerly his face. But while he realized that the compliment was deserved, he felt that it was too much to accept without some return, so he raised his big and now irregular hand to his own ear, and remarked quietly:

"Well, this here clip of yours was felt by me at the time."

Kilrain looked half-diffidently down into the water. This was high praise from the champion of England. Personally I think it was deserved, for I remember that when the blow fell it caused Mr. Smith to reel over and drop to the earth. Ten minutes later the whole ear had swollen to the size of a big pear. It was lanced afterward.

The men enjoyed their baths. It was the first chance they had had to look each other over. The minute the fight was finished they were helped to their quarters on the tug and plied with champagne. They had been in strict training for months and months and wine tasted good to them. Sensibly enough, their seconds allowed them to have all they could drink. "Let them get loaded, if they want to," said Mitchell. He said no two men ever did a harder day's work, and they deserved a little reward. The pugilists had all they could drink, and they were thirsty when they arrived at Paris. They were as happy as lords. After their many wounds were dressed they were put to bed, and they did not meet again till this morning, when they sat in rival tubs and looked each other over with the conversation described.

Kilrain talked very freely to his friends about the mill. "It makes a big difference," he said, "in a fight, whether you have on hand friends yelling for you or a hundred enemies yelling against you. I went there to win and I did my best, but I might have done a little stronger work if I'd a bigger crowd behind me at the start. But the spectators treated me well after the mill. They did, indeed. Lots of English gents came up to me afterward and said they were with me and glad I did so well."

After the Battle.

LONDON, Dec. 21, 1887.

Smith was gossiping with Howes and Roberts, his backers. He said: "They say Jake can't hit hard. All I can say is let 'em try it. That blow on the ear bothered me a lot, because, you see, it was done so early in the fight. They say Kilrain can't fight. Let 'em have a fight with him. He fights better than he spars."

"I feel first class. I have plenty of bruises about me, and one over the chest is like a breastplate. When I caught it hurts me. I could not see properly for three-quarters of an hour after the punch on the ear. That fellow has a good right hand. I hear Kilrain cannot get out of his bed."

"I was getting stronger during the last 6 rounds and felt wonderfully well."

KILRAIN CHEERFUL, BUT BRUISED.

Kilrain, on arriving in London, went to Moore's house, in Finchley road, with Charley Mitchell. He was extremely cheerful. The external marks of punishment are an inflamed right eye, discoloration of the left optic and an abrasion over the forehead and nose. His hands are quite sound, and in every other respect his condition is as perfect as possible.

Kilrain said: "I was up the next morning at half-past seven and had a bath. After breakfast, with Mit-



SMITH BADLY DONE UP AT THE END OF THE STRUGGLE.

chell and Charley Rowell, I took a hack and rode up the Champs Elysees, through the Arc de Triomphe, into the Bois de Boulogne, on to the Auteuil Racecourse. Returning, we visited Napoleon's tomb, Notre Dame and the Morgue. We left Paris at a quarter to eight for London and arrived at Charing Cross at ten minutes past six."

THE PART MITCHELL PLAYED.

Mitchell then struck in about the absence of the American contingent, and said:

"Everything I could do to get them to the fight was done, so far as I was personally concerned. I went round for them the morning of the fight to their hotel. They did not come. I drove a second time to their hotel with Mr. Wm. E. Harding, but we could not find them. We were told that they had gone to the station. We were only just in time to catch the train, which we nearly lost through looking for them. If they had an interest in their countryman winning and did not come to England from selfish motives, they could not expect me to leave my man on the day of the fight and look after anybody. I think I have proved to the sporting world at large that I did everything a man could do to bring Jake fit and well to the scratch. Having perfectly satisfied Kilrain, I feel more than satisfied with myself, as deeds speak for themselves."

KILRAIN FELT HURT.

Kilrain—For my part I felt hurt that they were not with me, as they are countrymen of mine. Mitchell made every effort to delay the fight in order to give them time to reach the rendezvous; but the determination to fight compelled me to make instantaneous arrangements, and the battle proceeded.

"I hope the members of the press are perfectly satisfied with the arrangements made for their accommodation, and trust they will treat us as we have treated them. From the present outlook pugilism is on the rise, and we shall have many more championship fights in the near future."

KILRAIN IGNORES SULLIVAN.

"In regard to Sullivan's challenges I think it all a bluff. I ignore the challenge, also the challenger, as it is well known throughout the world that he has refused to fight me. My money was up for three months, and by refusing to meet me he forfeited any pretensions he might have had to championship honors, but should it go wrong with Charley I'll fight him as soon as he likes and for as much as he likes. But there, let the matter drop. He will not beat Charley, and as a natural consequence my desire to meet him will not be gratified."

HIS OPINION OF SMITH.

"Smith is undoubtedly a good, game man, and having met him in battle I shall be pleased to meet him in friendship. As to the treatment I received at the hands of the English public, I can't find words to sufficiently express my gratitude. All over the country my reception has been princely, and wherever I have gone kindly words have been said and the best of wishes expressed for my welfare to the end of my days, and when I'm far away from England recollection of this visit will crowd out from my memory all the remaining acts of kindness tendered to me away from my home."

GRATITUDE TO ROWELL AND HARDING.

"I must not forget to say a word in Charley Rowell's

favor. He was my guide, philosopher and friend all through my training and conscientiously looked after my interests to the bitter end."

Mitchell—Jake, we must make Harding a little present. What is it to be?

Kilrain—Whenever he likes—with all my heart.

Mitchell—Well, he hasn't got a diamond ring, so we will give him one and present it on the stage of the Washington Music Hall next Saturday evening. It will be a present from myself. You go to Moore & Son's.

A LETTER FROM MITCHELL SAYING SULLIVAN DON'T MEAN TO FIGHT.

LONDON, Dec. 22, 1887.—This morning's *Sporting Life* prints the following letter:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING LIFE:—Sullivan, the bogus champion, is at his old game again and seeks to make capital out of the recent international fight by challenging both men at a time when he should have held his peace. When he is through with me I don't think he will want any more engagements under the new prize ring rules, for I am vain enough to fancy he will then realize the fact that he is not even a fistic marvel. Sullivan has only fought once, and then with a man who did not rank higher than a selling plaster. Having refused to fight Kilrain before he left America I am sure nobody will believe that Sullivan is in earnest now. If so, let him cover Mr. Richard K. Fox's deposit of £200.

Following so closely on the recent gallant fight between Kilrain and Smith Sullivan's challenge is unworthy of notice, and if he takes my tip he will let the matter rest, as I consider it is a monkey to a pony on Kilrain or Jem Smith whippings him.

Yours, &c.,
CHARLES MITCHELL,
English Boxing Champion.

Sullivan's Silly Bluff.

The correspondent of the New York *Sun* telegraphs: LONDON, Dec. 20.—What Sullivan thinks of the business is telegraphed to-night by your Glasgow correspondent. The great man made his first appearance before a Scotch audience in the city hall, and the long-headed Scotchmen were so wild with enthusiasm that Sullivan had to submit to an encore round with Ashton. A similar scene was enacted to-night, only the audience was bigger, and if possible, even more enthusiastic. Previous to the evening display your correspondent visited the champion at MacLean's Hotel, and found him in a state of great, not to say violent, dissatisfaction. He could not have been more grieved had Smith and Kilrain been his own children.

"I am much disappointed, sir, with that fight," he said. "How on earth those men could have fought nearly three hours without one or the other really assuming the aggressive I cannot understand. I would have liked to have the matter decided, because I wanted to fight the victor, but I don't mean to let them off. I have issued a challenge to each of them. Mr. Phillips there will tell you all about it," and then the champion turned away to attend to other business.

Phillips gave your correspondent a copy of this telegram, which had been just telegraphed to the editor of the London *Sportman* by Sullivan's instructions:

SIR—When Champion Sullivan and myself arrived in England I was in hopes of arranging a match that would place beyond doubt the title of the championship of the world. In America Sullivan is conceded by all to be without a peer, but many people in England question Sullivan's claim, owing to the brilliant record of Jem Smith. I hoped that yesterday's mill would have come to a satisfactory decision, so that we could make overtures to the winner. Not to be disappointed, Sullivan is determined to fight, and acting on his behalf I hereby offer, to



KILRAIN CONGRATULATED AFTER THE FIGHT.

match him against both Smith and Kilrain on the following terms, viz.: That he meets one the first week in April, and the other the first week in May, on neutral territory, for £1,000 a side each battle, both matches to be decided according to London prize ring rules. The proprietors of the *Sportman* could act as stakeholder, and any well-posted gentleman will suit us to officiate as referee, because all our wish is a fair fight and best man to win. Sullivan, however, stipulates that the dog-collar given by a New York speculative newspaper man shall not be recognized in any match. It must be a win. In event of any unsatisfactory ter-

mination in either match, the referee, as stakeholder, must order the men together within 24 hours. Sullivan has expressed his surprise that two men should train and half finish a fight, and then kiss and make up. I have this day mailed you a draft for £500—first come first served.

We hope Kilrain will not run back to America before first doing battle. No excuses will be accepted, and, if he has any to offer, let him make them before he leaves the British Isles.

H. S. PHILLIPS, for John L. Sullivan.

Smith Pretends to be Mad.

LONDON, Dec. 21.

The prize ring Arcadia is over. For the first twenty-four hours after the fight Jake and Jem were the fastest friends in this or any other world. It was officially announced that henceforward hand in hand and shoulder to shoulder they would face the slugging world together. Hard hitters were warned and it was published in the sporting prints that the man who knocked a chip off Jake's shoulder would at the same time be treading on Jem's corns. It was a fast friendship—indeed far too fast. It has only lasted thirty-six hours and they are now again at daggers drawn. Kilrain reached London this morning, and shortly afterward there appeared a poster in the window of a Fleet street sporting paper, in which Kilrain claimed to have been victorious in the fight, quite oblivious of the draw of Monday. Moreover, he added that he claimed the championship of the world, and insinuated that if Smith did not like it he knew the remedy. The announcement created the greatest sensation among English and American sporting men. I saw Smith in the afternoon at his house in St. Luke's. Kilrain's announcement had made him so angry that he had been out for a 25-mile walk to work off his spleen.

Rambblings Before the Battle.

LONDON, Dec. 20.

The *Sporting Life* this morning gave an account of Kilrain and Smith's doings at Rouen on Sunday. It seems that before 8 o'clock both Smith and Kilrain were out for their "constitutional."

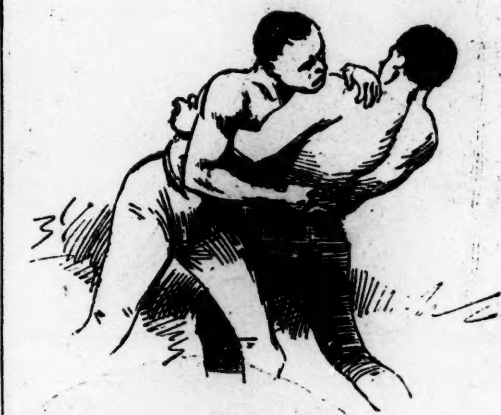
Returning home, the Englishman met the American as the latter was going out of the town. They exchanged friendly greetings.

Smith was accompanied by Jem Howes and Dick Roberts, while Kilrain had for his companion Charley Rowell. Smith, who looked well, said: "How do you get on with your French? It's funny we can eat their grub and not speak their language." Kilrain modestly returned a jocular answer, and with a cordial "Good morning" they proceeded in different directions. In reference to the fight, a little conversation took place after breakfast between Kilrain and his second, Donnelly.

GOOD WEATHER HOPED FOR.

"I hope it will be a morning like this to-morrow. If you win the toss, my lad, have your back to the sun. You don't know much about prize fighting, do you, Kilrain?"

"No, I don't; I have never seen a real prize fight. I



CROSS BUTTOCK.

only want fair play, and I must say, from what I have heard, that they don't mean to let Smith lose on any account. That's a nice thing to be told. The arrangements are not altogether to my liking. Mr. Fleming has had too much of his own way, but I hope everything will be all right and Smith and myself will be left to do the best we can when once [we are in the ring]."

KILRAIN GOES TO CHURCH.

Kilrain attended service at the Cathedral, in company with Mr. W. E. Harding, and afterward strolled around the town. Then, again, arrangements for the fight were discussed. Kilrain remarked, if he was ordered to fight he did not care if a thousand people stood around the ring.

KILRAIN HAD NOTHING TO DO BUT FIGHT.

He said he had nothing to do but to fight. The rest of the business was left to Mitchell and Harding. On reaching the quay Smith was seen walking quickly in the rear with Howes and Roberts. When they reached our party a fraternal greeting was extended all around. Inquiries were made by Smith as to the new "arrivals." He was told that the "pelicans" were at the Hotel d'Angleterre.

I DON'T WANT HIM HERE.

One man was mentioned as having been seen in town, and Smith, to whom he was well known, expressed surprise, saying, "I don't want him here." A very natural objection, as his presence foreboded no good and heralded the approach of an objectionable crowd. On reaching Smith's headquarters at the Grand Hotel Albion we halted, and English sports who were breakfasting took a good look at Kilrain through the windows.

MITCHELL COMES OUT.

Mitchell, who was in the enemy's camp on business, came out and joined Kilrain, and referring to Smith said:

"Don't you think, Jake, that you can beat him?"

Kilrain replied: "Well, he doesn't look like a fellow at all easy to beat."

A salutation followed, and each party took its respective route.

HOW THE FIGHTERS WERE DRESSED.

The *Sportman* says: Smith wore white knee-breeches, emerald green socks, and looked a perfect

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Hercules when his rugs were removed from his shoulders.

Kilrain wore black tights and brown socks. Although in point of muscular development he compared favorably with his opponent, the American champion had decided advantage in height and reach, and from head to heel looked a thorough, business-like fighter. The preponderance of Smith's supporters justified laying the odds on the English champion.

KILRAIN SERIOUS.

Directly time was called the two men responded. The American looked rather serious, but determined, while Smith wore his customary smile. The attitude of each man was totally different. Kilrain carrying his right hand much lower than his English opponent, who seemed all "on wires" and eager for the fray.

The general impression in England was that the fight would not last long. This may easily be imagined when one thinks of the odds laid on Smith.

KILRAIN SMACKED THE ENGLISH EAR.

To every one's surprise, however, Kilrain administered a tremendous smack on the Englishman's ear in the fourth round, which nearly settled him, and ever after this he wrestled with the greatest determination, and frequently threw his adversary heavily; still, Smith stood up like a gladiator, taking his punishment as if he was there for nothing else, and he seemed to get better rather than otherwise.

THEY COULDN'T BELIEVE IT.

When the report went forth in the town during the evening that the fight had lasted over two hours and a half and that 100 rounds had been fought, no one could believe it. It is a remarkable coincidence that the international fight between Heenan and Tom Sayers, more than twenty-seven years ago, also terminated without any definite result being arrived at.

The Gladiators.

CAREER OF JAKE KILRAIN.

Jake Kilrain's right name is John Joseph Killion, and he was born at Greenport, Columbia County, this State, on Feb. 9, 1859, and consequently is nearly twenty-nine years old. Jake says that when young his comrades persisted in calling him Kilrain, and the name stuck to him so persistently he was finally compelled to adopt it. He never had any regular occupation other than that of teaching athletics and boxing. When a youth, however, he worked in a rolling mill in Somerville, Mass., where he was forced to fight by his companions playing all sorts of tricks upon him. He defeated Jack Daley, Jim Driscoll, John Dwyer and Dennis Bosch while in the mill, the latter being a very hard battle, but he finally won, though pretty badly used up.

In his leisure hours he took to rowing a working



KILRAIN FORCED SMITH TO HIS CORNER.

boat, and a friend of his—a member of a four-oared crew—falling sick, he filled his place in the shell, the crew winning in a regatta near Boston. He rowed with the same men two or three times, and then George Faulkner, the professional oarsman, taught him how to become a single-oared. He entered the junior race of the National Association, Newark, N. J., in 1883, but was defeated. He rowed in several races that year, and won a closely-contested event, given by the Bradford Boat Club in Pennsylvania. The fall of that year Kilrain developed into a professional pugilist and obtained the position of assistant to Tim McCarthy at the Boston Cribb Club. He had many glove encounters there, among them being with Harry Allen and George Godfrey, colored, which he won; then he fought Jim Goode a draw, that being in 1884, after which Charley Mitchell wanted a chance at Kilrain, and the two came together and fought four rounds, also a draw. The same may be said of Mike Cleary, though Kilrain felt that he should have had the verdict in the latter case. Jack Burke and Jake agreed to fight five rounds, and the battle was commenced, when the police stopped it. All these contests were in Boston and with gloves.

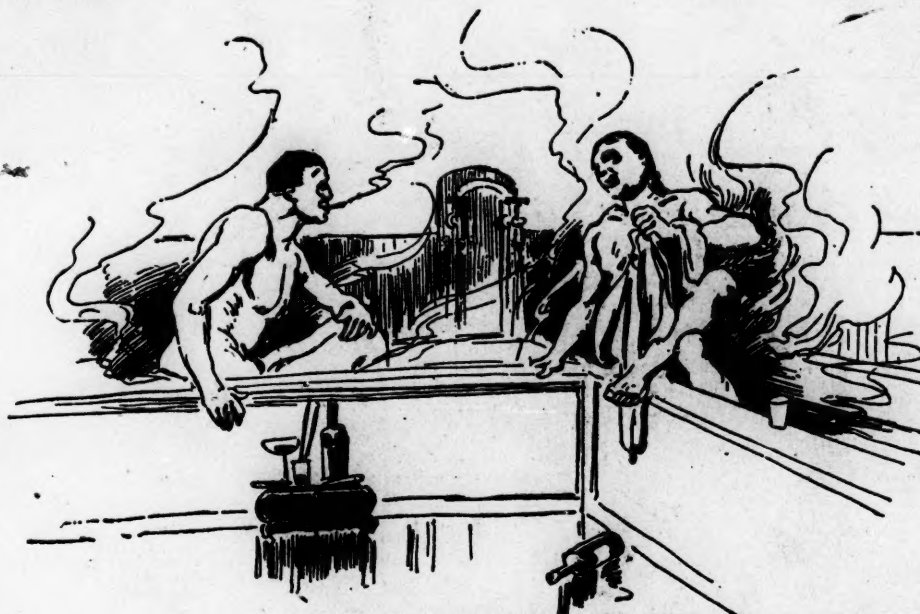
Kilrain rested awhile and then went to Bangor, Me., where he met Jerry Murphy, a giant in stature and physically. Kilrain won without great trouble. In 1885, at Cambridge, Mass., Kilrain met William Sheriff, the "Prussian," the bout being arranged for six rounds. The "Prussian" was knocked insensible in the second round. Then Kilrain had fights with George Fryer, the English pugilist; Jim McGlynn, at New Bedford, Mass., and last year knocked out in one round the indolently boomed Frank Herald—who, by the way, never amounted to anything as a fighter. This was in Baltimore. Kilrain afterward beat Jack Ashton (on Long Island), Joe Lannon and others. Previous to being matched with Smith he was not averse to meeting almost anybody with the gloves, and after the arrangements had been made he went sparring around this country with Mitchell. He arrived in London on October 2, when with exhibitions so long as they could be carried on, he went into strict training, under the care of Charley Mitchell and Charley Rowell. "Jake" is 5 feet 10½ inches in height, measures 41 inches around the chest, 34 inches about the waist, muscle of the arm, 16 inches; forearm, 14 inches; thigh, 25 inches; calf, 18½ inches. In condition he weighs 180 pounds.

SMITH'S PUGILISTIC RECORD.

Jem Smith was born on January 21, 1853, in Red Lion Market, White Cross street, St. Luke's. He stands 5 feet 8½ inches and weighs, in condition, about 180 pounds. For some years he was employed in one of the London timber yards, but developing a taste for boxing, after one or two rough and tumble with his mates he was taken in hand by Jack Knifton (Eighty-one Tonner) and the veteran Goode, and later by Mr. F. Grimm, of the Central Club. Smith has never been defeated, though

in his first engagement he did not shape like a coming champion. His first success was in a competition at the Griffin, Shoreditch. Later he beat Snowey, of Holloway, and was then matched to box Harry Arnold, with gloves for a fifty dollar purse. Arnold, although twenty pounds lighter than Smith, stripped in good condition, having for some time previously been engaged in training Jack Massey for an important engagement. The affair was looked upon as a good thing for Smith, but it took him nearly

well worthy of the purpose, and is itself entitled to the name of champion of the world as a "belt." It is 59 inches long and 8 inches wide, and weighs about 200 ounces in solid silver and gold. The design of this marvelous work of art is entirely different from any prize belt that was ever offered in this country or in Europe, and, in intrinsic value, has never been equaled. The work is laid out by solid silver plates and flexible woven silver chains, fortunately, so that the belt, notwithstanding its great and



THE MORNING BATH AFTER THE BATTLE.

an hour to polish off the Seven Dials representative, though he had slightly the best of the encounter from start to finish. Subsequently the veteran Goode deposited a sovereign on behalf of Smith to match him to fight Massey, but this was forfeited. Smith's next engagement was with Wolf Bendoff, to box to a finish with gloves, for \$100 a side, which came off at an East End club. In this contest Smith injured his right arm, but, nevertheless, proved successful. Smith also won Tom Symonds' all comers' competition at Bill Richardson's, defeating Jack Wannop, the wrestler, and Tom Longer. Smith's battle with Jack Davis, for \$500 a side, was with the raw 'uns, on the turf, and came off on the borders of Surrey and Sussex, on Wednesday, Dec. 17, 1885. In all six rounds were fought, occupying 7 minutes 55 seconds, Davis being knocked out of time with a swinging right-hander.

Then Smith was matched with Alf Greenfield for \$1,500 a side and the championship, which came off at Maison Lafitte, near Paris, on Tuesday, February 17, 1886. The battle was all in favor of Smith, and, after they had fought 13 rounds, the ropes were cut, and the ring broken into by Greenfield's partisans. A most unseemly disturbance followed, knuckle dusters being freely used, and many of the spectators maliciously assaulted and seriously injured. Smith was next matched with his old mentor and friend, Jack Knifton, and they went to France for the purpose of fighting, Dec. 1, 1886, being agreed upon for the battle, but instead of the ten a side, exclusive of principals and seconds, who were to form the expedition the number rolled up to a hundred or more and the fight did not take place. Both men returned to London, and there was a general quarrel, each side charging the other with breach of faith. Finally they made up their minds to have it out in private, and met with that intention in a room in the Metropolitan district, but as they were arranging the necessary preliminaries the police surprised them and the match was abandoned. Sparring exhibitions took up Smith's time, and then Charley Mitchell proposed to bring him to America to fight Sullivan, but the project fell through. The match with Kilrain followed, and, well, the conclusion is as herewith narrated. Smith is a wonderfully well built fellow, and, indeed, one of the finest men in point of physique ever seen. The following measurements have been taken of him: Chest, 43 inches; waist, 33 inches; muscle of the arm, 15½ inches; forearm, 12½ inches; thigh, 30 inches; calf, 18 inches.

The Emblem of the World's Championship.
The "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which is the



THEY HAVE A SMILE TOGETHER ON BOARD OF THE VESSEL.

heavy-weight championship trophy of the prize ring, in value and artistic excellence outranks anything of the kind ever manufactured, and will, no doubt, in time become as famous as the cherished relic which so many of the heroes of the ring pluckily fought for in merry England.

It will for all time be a certificate of manly valor and physical culture and skill to any fortunate enough to wear it. The belt that the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, New York, offers for competition for the championship fighters of the world is

ponderous weight and size, can be adjusted to the body and worn with ease. The plates are richly ornamented with solid gold figures, and one of these ornaments is so made that the likeness of the winner can be put in a gold frame encircled by a solid gold laurel wreath suspended from the bill of a full-winged eagle. The centre of the belt represents a prize ring with two men facing each other in fighting attitude. The whole of this part is solid gold. The men are represented in full ring costume. The prize ring is encircled by eight large diamonds, and the top of it ornamented with a fox's head emblematical of the donor, Richard K. Fox, with diamond eyes.

The champion belt of England, which John Carmel Heenan of Troy, N. Y., better known as the Benevolence Boy, and Tom Sayers of London, England, the respective champions of England and America in 1860 and 1868, fought for was a historical and valuable trophy, but it was not half as costly as the "Police Gazette" diamond belt Jem Smith and Jake Kilrain did battle for.

THE RULES WHICH GOVERNED THE FIGHT.

RULE 1—The "Police Gazette" diamond belt shall represent the heavy-weight championship of the world, and be open for every man to compete for.

RULE 2—All contests for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt shall be fought according to the new rules of the London prize ring and the "Police Gazette" rules, optional with the men arranging the contest.

RULE 3—The holder of the trophy will be the recognized champion pugilist of the world, and will be required to defend the trophy against all comers.

RULE 4—All matches for the belt shall be for no less a sum than one thousand dollars (\$1,000) a side or upward, at the option of the holder.

RULE 5—The belt shall be subject to challenge from any pugilist in the world, but no challenge will be accepted unless a deposit of \$250 is posted with the office of the POLICE GAZETTE.

RULE 6—Challenges shall date from the day of their receipt by the stakeholder, and the holder of the belt shall be in duty bound to arrange a match with the first challenger.

RULE 7—All contests shall take place within three months or sooner, if optional with the holder, from the date of receipt of challenge by the stakeholder.

RULE 8—The holder of the belt must contend for the belt every four months, if challenged, and not more than three times in twelve months.

RULE 9—In all matches for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt the donor shall be stakeholder, and his representative must be present at every contest for the trophy in order to settle any dispute in question that may arise in regard to the rules.

RULE 13—All contests for the belt must be fought in the United States, Canada or Europe, and the holder of the trophy will have no power to select the fighting ground, but will mutually agree with the challenger and holder upon the selection of the place.

RULE 14—If the holder of the belt and the challenger agree upon the place of meeting, the stakeholder will select the fighting ground.

RULE 15—The belt shall become the personal property of any pugilist who wins it three times in succession, or holds it three years against all comers.

RULE 16—The winner or holder of the belt must give satisfactory security for the safe keeping of the same, and be prompt to return it to the stakeholder when called for.

RULE 17—The belt must be delivered to the stakeholder thirty days prior to a contest, and the holder refusing any challenge will forfeit all claims and rights to the trophy.

RULE 18—The holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt shall be the recognized heavy-weight champion of the world.

Opinions as are Opinions.

The New York Clipper, of world-wide fame as an authority on pugilism, says this:

The parties interested in the management of the match between Jake Kilrain, the American champion, and Jem Smith, champion of England, for the championship of the world, \$5,000 a side and the belt offered by Richard K. Fox of this city, backer of Kilrain, anticipated the original fixture, Jan. 3 next, and brought off the battle on Monday last, and on French soil, instead of in Spain. This precaution was taken in order to lessen the probability of interference by the authorities or otherwise, and it attested the earnest desire on the part of all concerned to have the question between the rival champions settled by a appeal to the code, thereby proving how wrong were those on both sides of the Atlantic who, ever since the agreement was entered into, have persisted in asserting that business was at no time intended, and that the principals would never be found in a ring together.

The character of the battle itself certainly proved that the combatants themselves were very much in earnest. It was one of the most protracted pugilistic battles ever contested within the ropes, and for such heavy men to stand before each other for two hours and a half, during the greater part of which time they were engaged in some of the fastest fighting ever witnessed, even among light-weights, was astonishing, and shows that both are blessed with unusual powers of endurance, and that each was trained to the hour for the engagement. Although it was admitted that the American was the more skillful boxer, besides possessing an undoubted advantage in the matter of length of reach, the general impression among those who would seem best qualified to form a correct judgment in relation to the subject was that the sturdy Englishman



ARTHUR COOPER, SMITH'S BACKER.

would at least outstay his antagonist, even if he did not, as they confidently anticipated, prove the better punisher and the fiercer, more bull-dog-like fighter.

To size it all up, they did not think that there was enough of the "devil" in the American's composition to properly back up his skill and undoubted gameness when opposed by such a thorough, persevering pugilist as the British champion. All through the battle, however, Kilrain was the aggressor, and at all points he outfought and outgeneraled his adversary, notwithstanding the fact the latter proved himself as good as anticipated, except in the matter of wrestling, wherein he had been expected to greatly excel, whereas he gained nothing from his knowledge of the science. The performance of the American stamps him as a better man by considerable than the majority, even of his own countrymen, gave him credit for being, and it is safe to say that he will meet with a hearty welcome when he returns to our shores. He had unquestionably the better of the contest from end to end, and had there been light enough to finish it on the day he would no doubt have won, provided he had received fair play to the last. It is unfortunate that the battle was not renewed, and no doubt that there are many who will blame Kilrain for agreeing to a draw, especially when his superiority had been so clearly established. It is probable, however, that he had reason to believe that had they met again the battle would not have been decided on the merits of the men, as considerable money depended on the issue, and it was not unreasonable to fear that the opposite side, who were largely in the ascendancy, would resort to unfair means to save the same, now that the inability of their representative to win by fair fighting had been made apparent to all at the ring-side. If he did not succeed in capturing the laurels outright, Jake has at least the satisfaction of knowing that he clearly demonstrated his ability to have done so had the opportunity been afforded him. It is not probable that these men will ever meet again, and we presume that the previously broached match between Kilrain and John L. Sullivan will be made, as the backer of the former is now more willing than ever to find the necessary amount to match the champion against the Boston Boy in a fight with the bare knuckles.

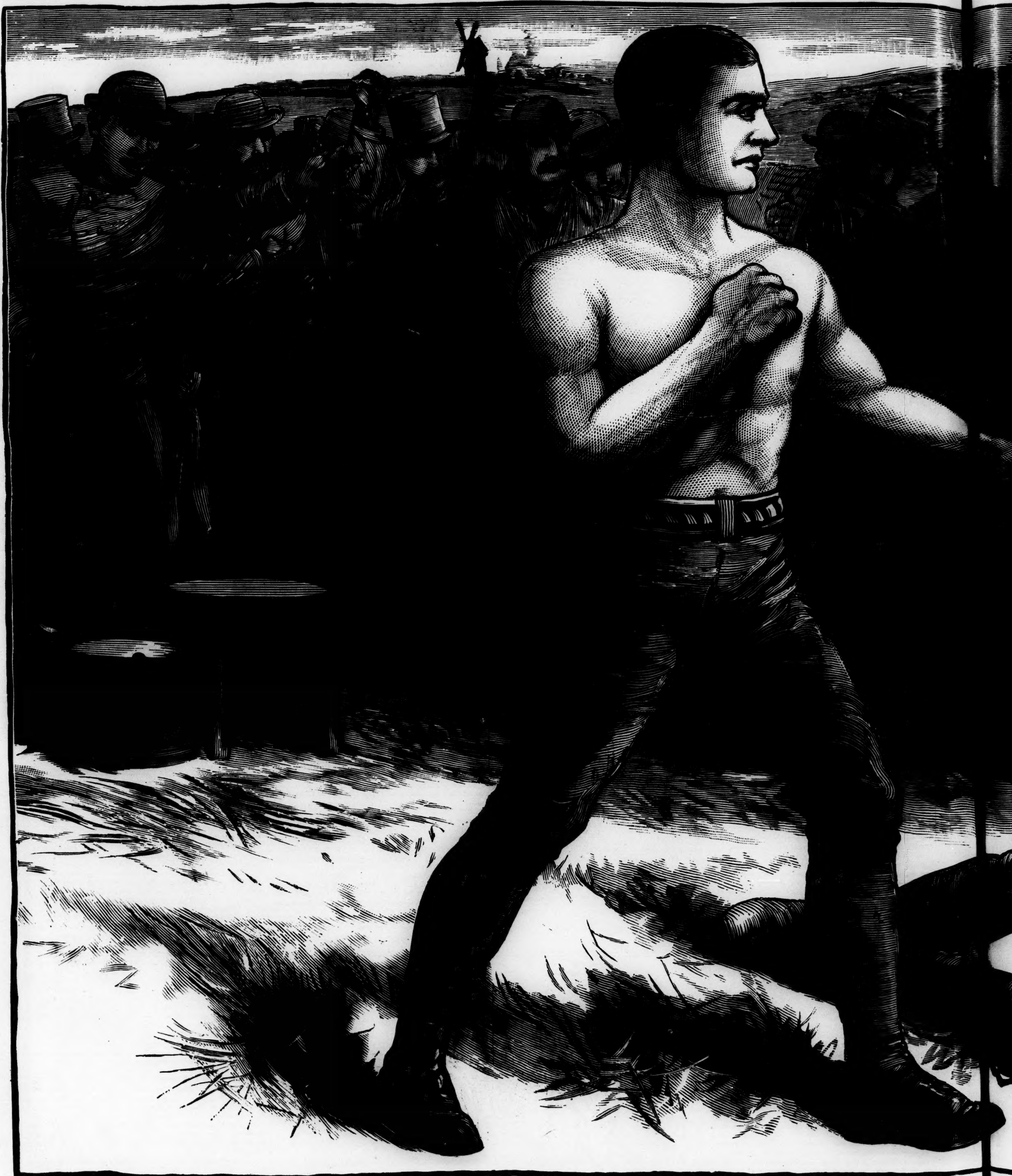
THE NEW YORK "STAR" SAYS:

There is an echo to that international prize fight to which all good Americans and all Irish-Americans would do well to hearken.

It comes in the form of a mocking, jeering laugh in reply to the old British shout of "Fair Play!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TEN.]

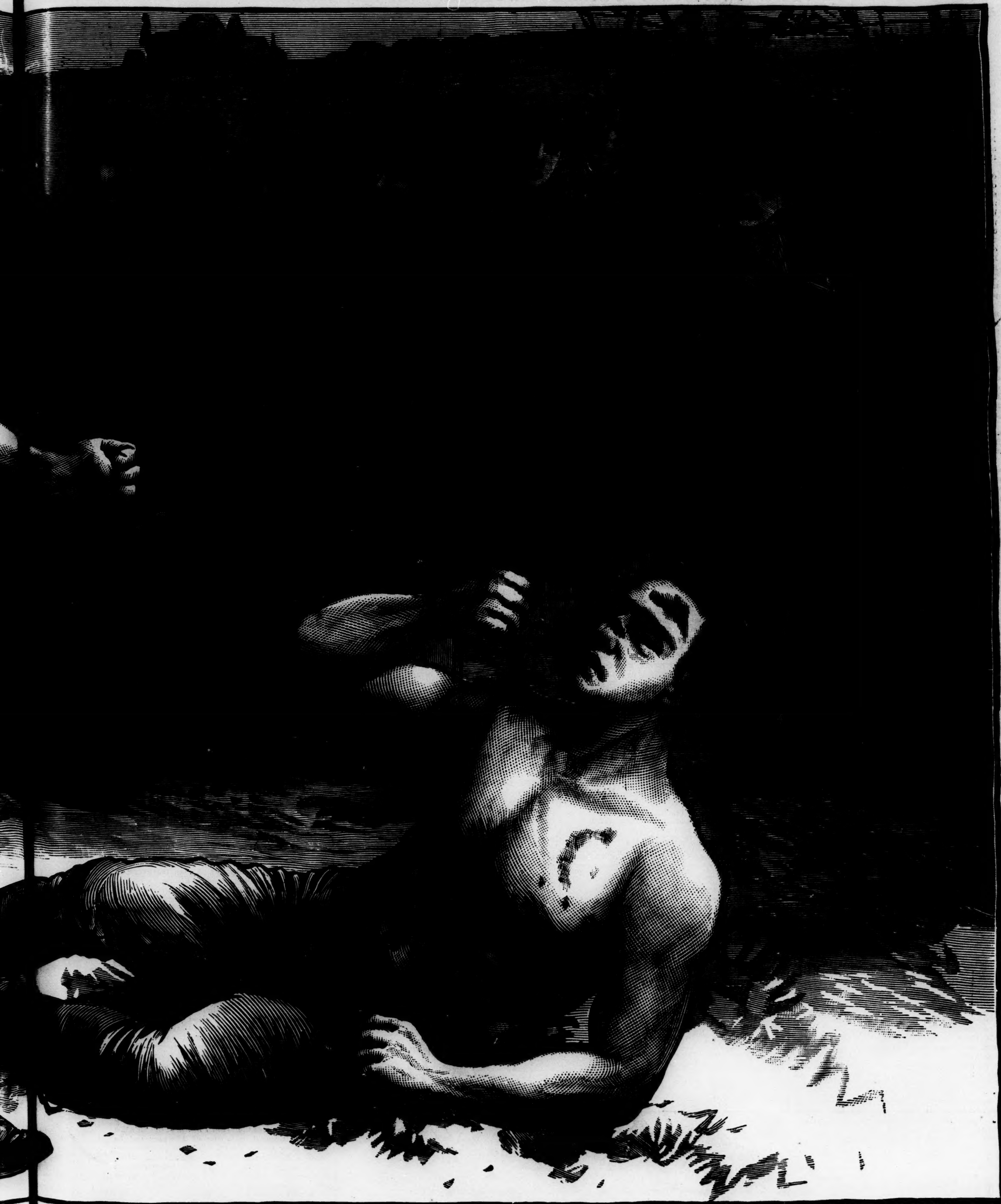
The "Police Gazette" is the greatest illustrated paper in the world; gives more news and better illustrations than any other paper published in America. Will be mailed to your address, 13 weeks, on receipt of \$1.00.



KILRAIN HAD MUCH

THE WONDERFUL AMERICAN CHAMPION OUTFIGHTS JEM SMITH, ENGLAND'S BEST MAN, IN
SEINE, FRANCE, UNTIL DARKNESS COMPELS THE FIGHT

[From Photographs And Sketches]



CH THE BEST OF IT.

AN, IN ONE HUNDRED AND SIX TERRIFIC ROUNDS ON THE ISLAND OF ST. PIERRE, RIVER
S THE REFEREE TO MAKE THE BATTLE A DRAW.

And sketches by Special Artists.]

THE BIG FIGHT.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN.)

We are informed that a fight never took place before such a select and creditable assemblage. The fifty spectators were composed of the flower of the British nobility, the choice of British sporting men, and a handful of respectable Americans. The referee was a man of position and influence in London, similar to that occupied by, let us say, Mr. Hamilton Busbey in New York. The conditions, then, were as favorable as possible for a fair and square stand-up fight and for the best man to win.

Yet the moment it became apparent that Kilrain could outstay Smith, that he could outreach him and outwrestle him, the referee deferred to the British spirit of "fair play" as represented by the attendant nobility and gentry, and allowed Smith to fight foul by dropping to the ground whenever he was sore pressed, until darkness protected him from a man he could no longer resist.

But worse than this. We are informed that whenever the principals were separated by their seconds, Baldock, Smith's second, repeatedly tried to destroy Kilrain's eyesight by thrusting his fingers in his eyes. The referee only "reproved" such brutal unfairness until Charley Mitchell, the only gallant Englishman present, leaped into the ring with the cry:

"I blush to have to acknowledge that you are Englishmen. Here's a lad come 3,000 miles over the sea to fight your champion. He never even saw a prize fight before. He has no friends here, while there's a hundred against him. He's going to have his rights or I've got to get licked as well as he."

How did the peers present, descendants of men who fought at Waterloo and charged at Balaklava, and the officers who themselves bore the honorable wounds of warfare—how did the Marquis of Queensberry, Lord Edward de Clifford, Captain Coventry and Colonel Browne receive this stinging rebuke from a common prize fighter?

With perfect equanimity and in dead silence. You see, they had backed their man heavily to win, and British gold now often proves a panacea for British dishonor.

We take it that the most serious charge to be brought against prize fighting is that it can turn such gentlemen into such unmanly brutes, and make them responsible for a deplorable deterioration in British fair play.

THE "SUN" OF DEC. TWENTIETH SAYS:

One of those periodic but rare events, an international prize fight, occurred yesterday, and unfortunately, since if we must have them, we would prefer them of the best, it ended in a semi-fizzle, or, as the language of the occasion has it, a draw.

It was full of interesting and instructive features, though.

First, as an international affair, it was a great success.



JOHN PERCIVAL, SMITH'S BACKER.

It was cosmopolitan in the highest degree. This contest in the name of England and America was upheld on the American side by a son of Irish parents, on the English side by a son of an Irish mother and Scotch father, and it was fought in France. The winner could well be called the champion of the world, and certainly our representative is entitled to all that pertains to victory, for he had his man fairly whipped.

Then it is also a very noticeable and emphatic indication that the American climate is more conducive to the nourishment of the true fighter than the English. Kilrain had the advantage in reach, but the Britisher appeared far better in physique. He was regarded as a muscular phenomenon, a first-class fighter, and, by the betting, just three times a better man than his opponent. But he was nowhere when it came to blows. If there had been anything reversible about him he would have been turned inside out. He had come to the scratch with confidence, but it was banged out of him very soon. He saw that the only chance of preventing technical defeat was to hold out until dark, so he kept falling to end the rounds, and thereby gain the half-minute rests between times which the lively rules of the P. R. prescribe. He probably remembered the great Duke of Wellington at Waterloo when the army of Napoleon was threatening to wipe the field with his own gallant troops, among whom perhaps there was a Smith. "Night or Blucher," said the Duke, as he looked to see himself beaten at any moment. With Smith of yesterday it was night or nothing, and the kindly shades which generally are thought gloomy at last shut in, bringing joy to his heart and peace to his poor battered ribs.

Times must have changed also with referees. The referee of the good old days would hardly have allowed a fighter to do most of his fighting on the ground as Smith did. In the 106 rounds there must have been many falls by the latter which the laws of the ring forbade, and if he had been forced to fight, as they say, "a fair stand-up fight," he would probably have been fought to a finish and finished. Still it was a superior show of its kind, and the sober judgment of the world, which reckons not of such little technicalities as darkness, will unhesitatingly award Kilrain the championship.

FROM THE NEW BEDFORD "MERCURY."

"The Gazette" on South Second street, presided over by the gentlemanly James F. Moore, was a centre of attraction as soon as the news of the fight reached this city. Mr. Moore was kept busy answering questions about the battle, which he did according to the latest reports received at the Gazette. The telephone hang-

ing, beside the wall kept up a perfect jangle with the frequent calls of admirers of Kilrain from distant parts of the city.

Shortly after 7 o'clock Mrs. Jake Kilrain, who with her two children is a guest at Mr. Moore's while her brawny husband is across the water, received a despatch from Richard K. Fox, Kilrain's backer, which announced practically the same thing as did the earlier press despatches. The news of her husband's big advantage over his opponent, in spite of the fact that the fight was a draw, was very pleasing to Mrs. Kilrain, and it placed her in a tremor of excitement. As soon



DAN MCCANNON, SMITH'S OLD SECOND.

as possible she started for the telegraph office to wire her congratulations to her husband in France.

Mrs. Kilrain received a letter from the pugilist yesterday in which he said that at best he would be obliged to remain on foreign soil for four months longer, in order to train and second Charley Mitchell for his coming fight with Sullivan. When Mr. Kilrain does come home it is probable that he will accept the position of manager of the new athletic club-room, costing \$250,000, which prominent and wealthy athletic men and patrons propose to erect in Boston at an early date.

Concerning Kilrain's chances with Sullivan, a prominent man who believes with John Boyle O'Reilly that boxing is a mainly art which is the coming thing in the entertainment of the public, said that Sullivan possessed an awful blow, one which it is impossible for any man to stand up under and he is also Kilrain's superior in weight. He expressed the opinion, however, that if the men ever came together Kilrain's superior skill and headwork would reduce the Boston bruiser to Kilrain's own weight after a few rounds—that is, Kilrain would tire out his opponent, and then he would have the champion in his power.

FROM THE UTICA "OBSERVER."

After one hundred and six rounds, lasting two and one-half hours, the much talked of fight between Jake Kilrain, of Boston, and Jim Smith, of England, resulted in a draw, darkness preventing a finish. The contest appears to have been a fair one and was, perhaps, the finest meeting of heavy-weights in many years. After the first round Kilrain appeared to have the best of the mill, and astonished even his most ardent friends by his good work in the ring. While Smith appeared to gain a new lease of strength after the hundredth round, there is good reason for believing that the American representative would have been the victor had the fight continued to a finish. As it is, American admirers of "the manly art" will place the Baltimorean far up in the list of favorites, and your typical sporting man will rejoice that the two greatest pugilists of the world claim the United States as their home. The presence of Sullivan in England has evidently aroused a deep interest in matters pugilistic all through Great Britain, and yesterday's fight will only add to the enthusiasm. Everything is working in favor of the Boston slugger, and he is destined to reap a rich harvest of English sovereigns before he bids good-bye to British soil.

Ah, Jake Kilrain, hold Jake Kilrain, Thou hero of the River Seine, When shall we see thy like again? Thou slugged right nobly in that main With Smith, Jim Smith, who thought he'd deign To wallop thee; and now Kilrain, Of lusty arm and nimble brain, We ask in accents loud and plain, Who o'er the sawdust ring shall reign? And echo answers, "Jake!" he reigns.

Col. W. L. Brown, of the *Daily News*: "Richard K. Fox is the best known man in the world to-day, and I say, in all sincerity that he deserves the congratulations that are now pouring in on him. This match is the biggest thing of this century. Kilrain is a wonderful man, and is fortunate in having Mr. Fox behind him; without Mr. Fox there would have been no international match, and in fact little if any sport."

The Rev. S. Stoner, Vicar of Wren Green, speaking at a church meeting to-day referred to the pugilistic encounter between Smith and Kilrain, and said he felt



JACK HARPER, SMITH'S SECOND.

proud to see men in these degenerate days standing up and fighting for the reputation of their country, and pitching into one another in such a way that at the end of a day's remarkable fistic encounter, embracing 106 rounds, no one could tell which was the better man. He hoped that if any foreign power came into contact with England the latter would be content with nothing less than a draw, but he would much prefer that England should be the conqueror.—*New York World*, Dec. 23.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS: "Richard K. Fox deserves every credit for the straightforward and manly way in which he has stood by Kilrain in this match. He is the only man in the world whose money is ready at all times to be put up in the interest of good sport."

Jim Keenan, of Boston, of whom Jake was a protegee, is as proud as a peacock over "Jake's prowess." "Surprised" said he: "No; just as I expected, or, rather, I knew well that Smith could not lick him. Why I've always held that Jake is the best piece of manhood in human skin. Do I think he would stand any show before John L.? Don't ask that. Would Sullivan



J. HOWE, SMITH'S SECOND.

have any show before him? I will say to the latter, no; Jake can lick Sullivan, mark my words well, I am seldom mistaken. Why, what fighting has Sullivan done? He's a good man, 'tis true, but can he battle one hundred and six rounds? No. Well, now; you folks have laughed at me before. Now for my opinion of Kilrain: are you not satisfied? A more honorable, squarer, or gentlemanly man, even outside of the pugilistic ring, I have never found."

WHAT THE NEW YORK "HERALD" SAYS ABOUT THE PRIZE RING.

Some of our moral and high toned contemporaries are in pain because of the interest taken by readers of newspapers in the recent fight between Smith and Kilrain.

In some cases this grief arises from envy, because of the full, lucid and marvelous cable reports of this fight which appeared in the *Herald*—all things considered, a triumph in journalism. If these reports had appeared in any other paper we should have felt something as Smith did, perhaps, when Kilrain sent him to grass for the fiftieth time. We probably might have indulged in moral reflections over the sin of prize fighting. But as a general thing we omit moral reflections when we have the news. We leave them to other journals.

Prize fighting is not commendable. It is full of trickery, falsehood, brutality and vice. We question if it indicates true courage.

But so long as men are built according to the attainable decrees of Providence a fight will ever command the attention of men. It may be wrong, but it is so. Perhaps if our sorely grieved critics in their wisdom had made man it would have been otherwise and better. But God made him, and we must take him as he is.

If our moralists would test the crowd on Broadway this morning, let them start Dr. Hall and De Witt Talmage preaching in front of the postoffice, and Billy Edwards and Jim Cusick milling in front of the *Herald* building. There would be danger that Hall and Talmage would stop preaching to see the mill. A very curious thing this human nature—and well worth studying! Worth regarding in candor and seriousness as it is.

Agility, fine bodily development, tendons like steel, the jump of the lynx, the bravado bosom ribbed with muscles, running like the deer or the hound, the eye as clear as the sea wave, resolution to clinch and throw, power to punish, endurance to be punished, not to know defeat, to rise from blow after blow with new zeal, to turn misfortune into victory, to strive and again and again to strive until borne down and beaten nature no longer answers—this is what men like to have latent in themselves, ready for occasion. And because they see it, even in a debased form in a prize ring, they read the battle accounts with nervous interest.

Things might be different, and no doubt better. But Providence made human nature, not the newspapers. A newspaper prints what men and women read, not what they would like to have their friends think they read.

England is a barbarous nation for having a fighter like Smith, and America is a barbarous nation for having a fighter like Kilrain, and France is a barbarous nation for letting the two come together within its boundaries, but way down deep in every man's heart this morning there was a quiet chuckle that Kilrain proved himself



CHARLES WHITE, "THE DUKE'S" MOTTO.

so game a man, and nobody threw down the newspaper because of the disgustingly full reports of the fight.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

It is supposed that if darkness had held off half an hour Monday evening Jake Kilrain, the great American, would have defeated Jim Smith. We will state right here, though some of our readers may have heard of it before, that the sun once stopped a whole day to permit the finish of a very ordinary scrap between the Israelites and Philistines. Oh, the degeneracy of the

time! Are there no Joshuas among us!—*Binghamton Republican*.

I can't see where Jake Kilrain can hope for anything better than a stand-off. It may be that Mr. Richard K. Fox has made some arrangements whereby Jake will get a chance for fair play. Mr. Fox is a very shrewd sporting man and will get his rights. I can only say I hope so, not only for Kilrain's sake, and Mr. Fox's, who has been very liberal in the matter, but for the sake of the American people who are with their representative in this fistic dispute.—"BAXTON" in *Sporting Topics*.

JOHN MCKAY said: "I always thought Kilrain could whip Smith."

BILLY OLIVER: "Kilrain is undoubtedly the best man in the ring to-day."

HARRY THORPE: "Kilrain must be a wonderful fighter. I'd like to have seen the mill."

PATSY SHEPPARD: "I knew Smith couldn't lick Jake. I saw him spar when I was across."

JOHN CULLEN said: "I am not surprised at Kilrain. I think the Englishman held him too cheap."

JEM CARMY: "Kilrain has proven himself a wonderful man. I said Smith was no match for him."

PIERCE NAGLE: "I always knew Kilrain would whip the Englishman. I consider Jake the best man in the world."

MIKE GLEASON: "I always thought that Kilrain would win easily if he got a fair show. I had my money to go that way."

BILLY YORK: "Kilrain must be a very able fighter. It was a remarkably long battle for such big men and such hard hitters."

WILLIAM F. DALEY, the athlete and backer of Mike Daley, of Bangor, said: "I bet my money on Kilrain and have felt all along that he was going to win."

DOMINICK MCCAFFREY: "I never favored Smith. I contended from the time the match was made that Kilrain would win, and I cabled Jake my congratulations."

GEORGE LEE, the oarsman: "I always had an idea that Jake would win. He is a very clear, cool-headed fellow, and can hit as hard and as often as any man I know of."

JIM PILKINGTON: "I always maintained that Kilrain would win. I have seen Jake box repeatedly. He is very hard to get at, and can hit with the force of a sledge hammer."

BILL BRADBURN, of Chicago: "Kilrain would have won in a gallop if he got a fair show. I think it would be well for him to come home at once. A fortune awaits him here."

JOHN GARLACHER said: "The fight ended as I expected, in favor of Kilrain. If I was in London, and sure of Kilrain getting fair play, I would snap up all the bets that were going on Smith."

FRANK BREVENSON: "I think Jake can whip any man in the world with fair play in a fight to a finish. Smith's handlers were determined to win the battle by all means, but they made a big mistake."

JOHNNY KILBRIDE said: "Smith was the most overrated man I ever heard of. Why he should be such a



FRANK GRIMM, SMITH'S GREAT FRIEND.

favorite I cannot understand. A man that could not defeat Greenfield could not defeat Kilrain."

ED. GREGG said: "Looking at Smith's record and judging from his fight with Greenfield, I expected Kilrain with a fair show would win. I am surprised that Smith did not throw Kilrain in the fight."

JAMES KEENAN: "There is not a man living that can fool with Jake Kilrain, as he is a cool-headed two-handed fighter and has great judgment in a battle, a fact which was proven when he defeated Lannon."

NORBY CLARK said: "I was present at the Smith and Greenfield fight, and I am not surprised at Kilrain whipping him. I cannot understand Smith being thrown in every round, as he is a strong wrestler."

JOHN H. KEOGH, Savannah, Ga.: "I congratulate you on your pluck and energy in backing Kilrain to fight the Britisher. I enclose \$5. Send on the champion's colors. May success attend him in all future contests."

COUNCILMAN MAHONEY, of Boston, was very much pleased with the news from the battle-ground, and said: "Kilrain can keep his end up with any Englishman. He has improved wonderfully, and is a big, strong, clever fellow."

STEVE TAYLOR said: "I always thought Kilrain could easily whip Smith, whom I considered an overrated man, and with his short, muscular arms Kilrain should hold him safe. I am much surprised that Smith was not a better wrestler than Jake."

BOB TURNBULL, of the *Evening World*, said: "It's just as I said it would be—a case of Dempsey and Le Blanche over again. A wiry, skillful man is the superior of a shorter and stouter, though possibly more enduring, opponent. It's a pity the battle couldn't have been concluded, but I suppose Kilrain knew very well it was wisest to agree to a draw. Half a loaf is better than no bread."

THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY, heretofore a red-hot adherent of Smith, was one of those loudest in the praise of Jake, and took the trouble to assure him that the next time he wanted to make a match he could count upon his lordship for "a pony" (£25) of the stakes. Plenty of other Englishmen were also ready to put up their money on the American champion and lost no time in assuring him of their willingness.

JIMMY COLVILLE, of Boston, says: "I shouldn't be

The "Police Gazette" supplement of the great battle fought in France presented with this issue. Every purchaser of the GAZETTE should see he gets the supplement free of charge.

surprised to see Kilrain and Sullivan fight in the near future. I don't think it will be on the other side of the water, however. They will probably be matched before they return to America, but the battle will be on this side. I always said Kilrain was a good man, and if I had put any money on the fight with Smith, I would have backed the American. I told Jimmy Wakely and Charley Johnson before they sailed for Europe to witness the fight, that Kilrain would win if either won, because I knew that Jake could wrestle. If there is a man in the world able to whip John L. Sullivan that man is Jake Kilrain."

PROF. TIM MCCARTHY is the happiest man in Boston. Away back in the seventies Professor Tim had a place on Portland street, where he gave boxing lessons. At that time Kilrain, then a small boy, was at work in Cambridge. Tim had several pupils in Cambridge, and young Kilrain followed them into the city one day to watch them take lessons. In the course of time he became one of the professor's pupils, among whom were several students of Harvard College. Among them were Dr. Bill Morrison, now known as the champion heavy-weight of Harvard, and the two were in the habit of sparring together. Kilrain soon showed that he was Morrison's superior, which led to the professor's putting him up against all the big ones in three-round bouts. After Kilrain had met Jim Goode he was retained by Tim as his assistant at the Cribb Club and at Harvard, where he gave instructions to the men who were too big for the professor. He remained in that position until the Baltimore Cribb Club was started, when Professor McCarthy recommended him for that position. He said: "Sullivan and Kilrain would make an ideal battle—a battle that would be worth seeing, and I think that we will have a chance to see it before another year rolls by. It makes me tired to hear all these fellows expressing surprise because Smith did not throw Kilrain. There isn't many who know it, but Jake is a remarkably clever wrestler. He can down any ordinary man at either catch-as-catch-can or collar-and-elbow styles, which is an accomplishment every boxer does not have."

And Still They Come.

FRANK HALL, THE MANAGER OF FEESTRIANS, CONGRATULATES.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 21, 1887.

Mr. Richard K. Fox, Police Gazette, New York City: DEAR SIR—Allow me to congratulate you that the long-talked-of fight has finally come off. Now you have a better man in Kilrain than I thought you had and, from all accounts, he had the best of the battle from beginning to end, and please accept my congratulations for meeting with such good success. You certainly have done the Americans good by having such a representative as Kilrain. Very respectfully yours,

FRANK HALL.

THE SHELBYVILLE "DEMOCRAT" TALKS.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., Dec. 20, 1887.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.: DEAR SIR: Kilrain's Shelbyville friends send their heartiest congratulations to him, over the manly way in which he bore himself in his great fight with Jim Smith, and believe that with thirty minutes more of daylight he would have put the Englishman to sleep. Now let him have a go at Sullivan, in this country if possible. We believe now that he can do him. Such a mill would be the event of the century in P. E. matters and would excite more interest than anything else. Hurrah for Kilrain! Yours respectfully,

CHAR. T. SPRAGUE.

FROM THE BOLD BOYD.

FRENCHVILLE, W. Va.

May success attend Kilrain in all future contests, as in the last.

WM. H. BOYD.

FROM THE HUB.

BOSTON, Dec. 21, 1887.

Richard K. Fox: I will take \$300 that Kilrain will best Sullivan in the ring. Money at command to match. Answer.

P. E. CAMPBELL, 8 Howard St.

P. S.—According to my dictation, which shall be inside of a year.

WITH ONE CONSENT.

RICHMOND, Va., Dec. 21, 1887.

Richard K. Fox, Police Gazette, New York: Your friend won a great fight; allow me to congratulate you; he can knock the wife-beater out.

JNO. WHEEN.

FROM AN ADMIRER.

OMAHA, NEB., Dec. 21, 1887.

Richard K. Fox, New York: I admire your judgment and Kilrain's pluck, but make them fight out.

Yours, PROF. HAWLEY.

THE OTHER JAKE'S LAWYER.

Mr. Peter Mitchell, Jake Sharp's chief counsel, says: DECEMBER 22, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. FOX—Many thanks for your kind little present of the champion's colors, which I will keep in remembrance of the event they represent, and your great enterprise and generosity. Very truly yours,

PETER MITCHELL.

FROM THE CHAMPION'S FAMILY.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Dec. 21, 1887.

Mr. Richard K. Fox, New York: Your good news greatly pleased me. Accept thanks.

MRS. JAKE KILRAIN.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Dec. 20, 1887.

Mr. Richard K. Fox, Police Gazette, New York: Received your telegram. Am glad my husband arrived safe. Accept my sincere thanks for your promptness and kindness; also thanks to Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Moore and Mr. Harding for aiding him at the ring.

MRS. JAKE KILRAIN.

NEW BEDFORD SOLID FOR JAKE.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Dec. 20, 1887.

Mr. Richard K. Fox, Police Gazette, N. Y.: Good for your Jake. I am delighted at your success. Mr. Fox, you knew what you were doing when you selected Jake as champion of the world. JIM MOORE, Propr. Gazette.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Dec. 20, 1887.

Mr. Richard K. Fox, Police Gazette, N. Y.: Accept my congratulations for both you and Jake on his victory. I knew he would win. Best wishes to Jake and his backer.

LITTLE JOHNNY MURPHY.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Dec. 20, 1887.

Mr. Richard K. Fox, Police Gazette: Accept best wishes of Kilrain's New Bedford friends on his success.

The Magnificent Colors

Worn by champion of the world Jake Kilrain in his

world-famous battle with Jim Smith, will be forwarded to any address in the United States, enclosed in a neat box, charges paid, on receipt of \$5. To secure this souvenir of the international fight, orders should be sent in at once, as the constantly increasing demand for them will soon exhaust the supply. The following are a few of the latest orders for the colors: E. A. Bourke, West St., Chicopee, Mass.; John F. Connole, Box 1,020, Plymouth, Pa.; Kelly & Myers, 140 West Main St., New Albany, Ind.; H. Aymor, 81 Prospect St., E. Orange, N. J.; Bartholomew Lucey, Mint Saloon, Sacramento City, Cal.; Jack Gilligan, Shopper, Texas; Casey Bros., Crested Butte, Col.; Lowry & Hamilton, Crystal saloon, Butte City, Mont.; J. W. Parsons, Earl Craven, Southam St., Westbourne Park, London, W., Eng.; E. Yardly, Bridgegate, Rotherham, Yorkshire, Eng.; Thos. Francis, Haverstraw, N. Y.; Albert Muhleeson, Clipper Sample Rooms, Crawfordsville, Ind.; M. E. Flaherty, 190 Pearl St., New York City; Parrish & Evans, Stationers, Nevada, Mo.; Jos. A. Pinney & Co., Boise City, Idaho; Erb & Co., Fashion Saloon, Green River, Wyo.; C. E. George, Managing Editor Gazette, Little Rock, Ark.; Jos. F. Moore, "Police Gazette" Saloon, New Bedford, Mass.; Kauffman & Gilbert, 63 Chicago St., Freeport, Ill.; J. E. Charlesworth, 3101 Penn Av., Pittsburgh, Pa.; George Field, 29 Brighton St., Fall River, Mass.; L. C. Grant, Pres. Order of Am. Firemen, Burlington, Vt.; Patsy Sheppard, The Abbey, Boston, Mass.; C. A. Leimgruber, 18 Exchange Place, Rochester, N. Y.; C. F. Heyer, care First National Bank, Helena, Montana; Henry Helms, Palace Saloon, Glendive, Mont.; Malack Deegan, Gilman, Col.; Harry O'Neill, Fargo, Dakota; J. Foster, 933 Theopaplatas St., New Orleans, La.; H. C. Kabernagle, Pembina, Dakota; R. F. Steinberger, Keystone House, Bethlehem, Pa.; Joseph A. Buchanan, Ambler, Pa.; Blair & Locke, "The Home Ranch", Raton, New Mexico; Jas. F. Cavanagh, 159 Varick St., New York; P. E. Carmody, 15 Hill street, Ansonia, Conn.; Charles Cassidy, Lebanon, Pa.; Sid Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Eug. Christian, barber, Laredo, Texas; H. C. Cole, Fordham, N. Y.; J. C. Brunton, Abbey saloon, Galveston, Texas; Cardiff & Donaldson, 251 Second avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.; Howe & Kelly, 406 West B. B. street, Syracuse, N. Y.; W. J. Niemeyer, Grand Central theatre, Dallas, Texas; D. H. Buckley, Waterbury, Conn.; Prof. Frank S. Lewis, Alpena, Mich.; P. F. Welch, Cabinet Saloon, Meeker, Col.; Jas. McLaughlin, Oceanport, N. J.; Wm. H. Small, 113 Center street, Schenectady, N. Y.; Gus Bibbs, Chesterbrook Farm, Berwyn, Pa.; Fehringer & Ash, druggists, Como, Col.; Frank J. Buegel, Athletic Sample Room, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"A THREE-TIME WINNER."

Has Hanlan Lost His Grip?—Philosophical Training Demanded.

The defeat of "Ned" Hanlan by Teemer at Toronto in August indicates the "end of the glory" of the doughty champion.

He has sustained his record with admirable pluck and success, but the tremendous strain of years of training must certainly some day find its limit. Apropos of this we recall the following interesting reminiscence of aquatic annals:

On a fine, bright day in August, 1871, an excited multitude of 15,000 to 20,000 persons lined the shores of the beautiful Kenebecasis, near St. John, N. B., attracted by a four-oared race between the famous Paris crew of that city and a picked English crew for \$5,000 and the championship of the world. Wallace Ross, the present renowned oarsman, pulled stroke for the Blue Nose crew, and "Jim" Renforth, champion sculler and swimmer of England and of the world, was stroke in the English shell.

Excitement was at fever heat. But three hundred yards of the course had been covered when the Englishmen noticed that their rivals were creeping away.

"Give us a dozen, Jim," said the veteran Harry Kelly, ex-champion of England, who was pulling No. 3 oar.

"I can't, boys, I'm done," said Renforth, and with these words he fell forward, an inanimate heap in the boat.

"He has been poisoned by bookmakers," was the cry, and belief.

Everything that science and skill could suggest for his restoration was tried; but after terrible struggles of agony the strong man, the flower of the athletes and pride of his countrymen, passed away.

The stomach was analyzed, but no sign or trace of poison could be found therein, though general examination showed a very strange condition of the blood and the life-giving and health-preserving organs, caused by years of unwise training. While the muscular development was perfect, the heart and kidneys were badly congested.

The whole system was, therefore, in just that state when the most simple departure from ordinary living and exertion was of momentous consequence. His wonderful strength only made his dying paroxysms more dreadful and the fatality more certain.

Hanlan is now in Australia. Beach, champion of that country is a powerful fellow, who probably understands the liability of athletes to death from over training, the effect thereof being very serious on the heart, blood and kidneys as shown by poor Renforth's sudden death.

Within the past three years he has taken particular care of himself, and when training always reinforces the kidneys and prevents blood congestion on the heart by using Warner's safe cure, the sportsman's universal favorite, and says he "is astonished at the great benefit."

Harry Wyatt, the celebrated trainer of athletes, who continues himself to be one of the finest specimens of manhood and one of the most successful of trainers, writes over his own signature to the English *Sporting Life*, September 5th, saying: "I consider Warner's safe cure invaluable for all training purposes and out-door exercise. I have been in the habit of using it for a long time. I am satisfied that it pulled me through when nothing else would, and it is always a three-time winner!"

Beach's and Wyatt's method of training is sound and should be followed by all.

CURE FOR THE DEAF. PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING AND perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. H. COX, 863 Broadway, N. Y.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" IN ENGLAND.

Smith, Ainslie & Co., Booksellers &c., 25 Newcastle street, Strand, London, have been appointed agents for the sale of the *POLICE GAZETTE* in Great Britain. News-dealers, book-sellers and others who desire to handle the *POLICE GAZETTE* and our illustrated books, are requested to communicate with them at once.

RICHARD K. FOX.

PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

A POSITIVE CURE

PROMOTES HEALTH STRENGTH & ENERGY.



SCOTT'S ELECTRIC BELT & CORSET.

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY.

Professional men assert that there is hardly a disease which Electricity or Magnetism may not benefit or cure, and they daily practise the same, as your own physician will inform you. A celebrated physician of New York lately lectured upon this subject, and advised all medical men to make a trial of these agencies, describing at the same time most remarkable cures he had made, even in cases which would seem hopeless. We have received thousands of testimonials from patients all over the world, endorsing and commending our goods. We will cheerfully send pamphlets containing specimens of the testimony if you still doubt.

PRICE LIST.
Regular Standard Belt, full power \$3.00
Extra Fine Red Satin " 5.00
Nerve & Lung Investigator " \$5 & 10.00
Corsets " \$1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50
Hair Brushes " 1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50
Flesh Brushes " 3.00, 5.00
Chest Protector " full power 3.00
Tarsal " 3.50
Electric Appliance " 5.00
Leg " 5.00
Knee Caps " 5.00
Anklets " 3.00
Insoles, all sizes " 2.50
Office Caps, \$3.00 Sleeping Caps " 3.00

SUSPENSORY, THE GENUINE ARTICLE, FULL POWER, \$5.00.

Hair Curler, 50 cts.; Tooth Brushes... 50

Improved Elastic Trusses, Single... 5.00

Double... 5.00

ANY OF THE ABOVE SENT ON APPROVAL, postpaid, on receipt of price, with 20

cents added for packing or registration, and we guarantee safe delivery into your hands. Money will be refunded if not as represented. Remit in Post Office Money Order, Draft, Check, or in currency by registered letter at our risk. In ordering, kindly mention this paper, and state exact size of waist when ordering Belt or Corset. Make all remittances payable to

Geo. A. Scott, 843 Broadway, New York.

A valuable and useful book titled, "30 Years of Pleasure," will be sent to any address on application.

N. B. Each article is stamped with the English coat-of-arms, and the name of the proprietors.

THE FINE MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION.

STERLING'S

ROYAL REMEDY

A positive cure for

SALUS. SYPHILIS

any stage—Syphilitic Rheumatism and all syphilitic manifestations.

Send for Treatise,

Mailed free to any address

containing essay on the

disease, testimonials, etc. Every letter confidential.

Address THE JOHN STERLING ROYAL REMEDY CO.,

Lock Box 47, Kansas City, Mo.

TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF CUBES AND COPAIBA

Is an old, tried remedy for gonorrhea, gleet and all diseases of the urinary organs. Its neat, portable form, freedom from taste and speedy action (it frequently cures in three or four days and ways in less time than any other preparation) make "Tarrant's Extract" the most desirable remedy ever manufactured.

To prevent fraud, see that each package has a red strip across the face of label, with the signature of TARRANT & CO. N. Y. upon it. Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

Big G has given universal satisfaction in the cure of Gonorrhea and Gleet. I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers.

A. J. STONER, M.D., Sec'y, Ill.

PRICE, \$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

Mental and Physical Prostration. Complete cure by using the Nervous Debility Pills: \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements... \$1.00 per line. Reading notices... 2.00

Copy for advertisement must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue. The *POLICE GAZETTE* has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 1/2 inches each, and 2 1/2 inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT, EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE.

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.

Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

No new accounts are opened for advertising. No commission will be allowed to any agent who has not previously placed trade in these columns.

TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We cannot undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.

Letters to advertisers should be enclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing upon the outside the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, written lengthwise as usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so treated are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.

Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance; post office orders can invariably be obtained, and should be used exclusively.

For other advertisements see 14th and 15th pages.

A MINISTER'S REVENGE.

From Louisville, Ky., Nov. 18, came this: J. M. Anderson, a Presbyterian preacher near Booneville, Ky., has turned dynamiter and got himself driven out of the county. He paid court to Lizzie Wilson, the pretty daughter of a well-to-do farmer and blacksmith, and was favorably received. The young couple made their plans to be married this winter, but Miss Wilson's parents objected that she was too young and ought to wait a year. They would then give their blessing. This enraged Anderson and he sought secret revenge. He drove a nail through the hook of Wilson's best horse and the horse had to be shot. He emptied coal oil into his well and warned the old man to leave the country on penalty of death. This was done by cutting letters from a book and pasting them on a sheet of paper to form the words.

The old man became very much alarmed and, as he had no clue to the perpetrator, actually employed him to guard his house. Going to his forge one morning he started a fire. As he stepped back to his bellows an explosion lifted the whole forge into the road, knocking him down and stunning him for several minutes. Upon this he commenced an investigation. This resulted in Anderson's hasty departure for parts unknown. A piece of wrapping paper was found near the shop with some writing on it that was proved to be Anderson's. With this clue it was soon found where he had purchased the dynamite. The last Grand Jury indicted him, and rewards are offered for his capture.

The story is going the rounds of a cowboy of the Wild West show who went into a London restaurant and ordered a steak, which was brought to him exceedingly rare. He looked at it a moment, then drew his revolver and blazed away at the meat. Of course there was a panic, and the police came about the time that the revolver had been emptied.

"What on earth do you mean by this conduct?" asked the proprietor.

"What do I mean, pard?" answered the cowboy.

"Why," pointing to the almost raw steak, "I wanted to kill the—thing."

BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

The "Police Gazette" Standard Book of Rules. Containing rules on Archery, Baseball, Bicycle, Billiards, Boat Racing, Bowling, all kinds of Boxing, Club Swinging, Cock Fighting, Cricket, Curling, Dog Fighting, Foot Ball, Hand Ball, Lacrosse, Polo, Pool, Quoit Throwing, East Killing, Skating, Skittle, Shooting, Swimming, Sword Contests, Fencing, the Stone Throwing, the Hammer, Tossing the Caber, Walking, Running, Wheelbarrow, and all kinds of Wrestling.

Glimpses of Gotham; or, New York by Daylight and After Dark.

Man Traps of New York. A Full Exposure of the Metropolitan Swindler.

New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham.

New York Tombs; its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries.

Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published.

Paris by Daylight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World.

Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life.

Scenes of the Stage; or, The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled.

Great Artists of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America.

James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures.

Bill Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen.

Mysteries of Mormonism. A Full Exposure of its Hidden Crimes.

Assassin's Doom. Sequel to Guiteau's Crime. A history of the trial and sentence.

Crime Avenged. Sequel to Assassin's Doom. The punishment of the murderer.

Murderesses of America. Heroines in the Red Romance of Crime.

Lives of the Poisoners. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year.

Mabelle Unmasked; or, The Wickedest Place in the World.

Crimes of the Cranks. Men and Women Who Have Made Insanity an Excuse for Murder.

Suicide's Cranks; or, The Curiosities of Self-Murder. Showing the origin of suicide.

Coney Island. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea.

SPORTING BOOKS.

The American Athlete. A Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training.

Champions of the American Prize Ring. Complete History and Portraits of all the American Heavy Weights.

Life of John C. Heenan, with all his battles. Tug Wilson, champion pugilist of England.

"Ed. Hanlan, America's Champion Oarsman. Betting Man's Guide; or, How to Invest in Auction and Mutual Pools and Combinations.

Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to your address on receipt of 25 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

JEWELRY.

NEW WATCH! JUST OUT!

THIS ELEGANT

GOLD

PLATED

WATCH

\$1.00

WATCH

\$1.00

WATCH

\$1.00

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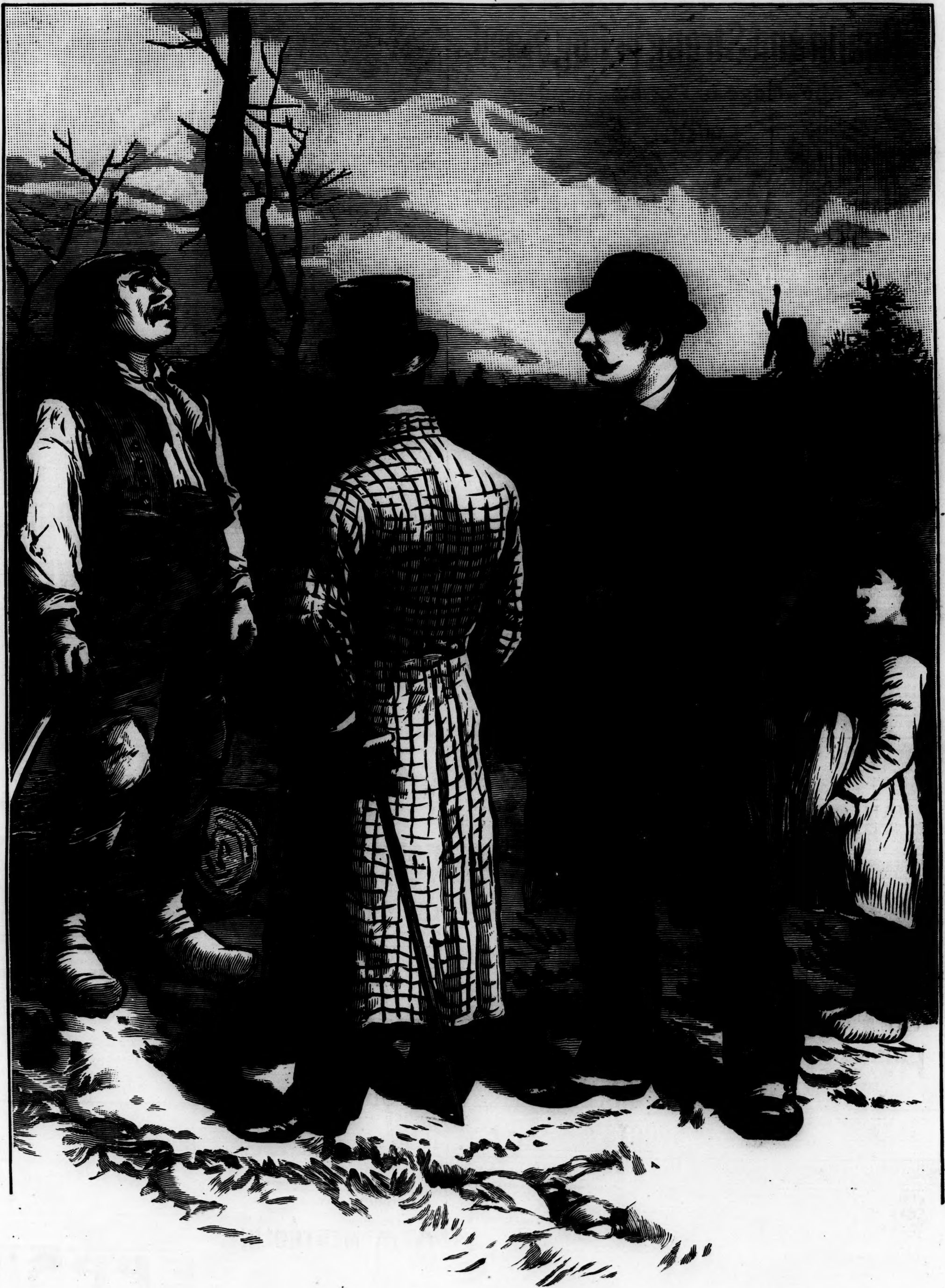


THE LIONS OF LONDON.

JAKE KILRAIN AND JEM SMITH SET THE BIG CITY CRAZY AFTER THEIR TERRIBLE STRUGGLE, ST. PIERRE, FRANCE.

I.—Kilrain is Acknowledged the Better Man By Referee Atkinson And the Belt is Presented to Charley Mitchell, His Friend And Trainer. II.—The Swells of the Pelican Club Trouble Are Thankful to Smith For Saving Their Money.

[From Photographs And Sketches by Special Artists.]



CHOOSING THE BATTLE-GROUND.

NOW WM. E. HARDING AND WILLIAM FLEMING SELECTED, IN BEHALF OF THE TWO CHAMPIONS, THE HISTORIC SPOT
ON WHICH JAKE KILRAIN WON THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

PUBLICATIONS.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

Health and Strength Regained

Knowledge is Power: Read!

KNOW
THYSELF!HEAL
THYSELF!

The above cut represents the obverse and reverse sides of the GOLD and JEWELLED MEDAL presented to Dr. W. H. Parker by the NATIONAL MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, in recognition of his masterly Medical Treatise, entitled the **SCIENCE OF LIFE OR SELF PRESERVATION**, which treats upon Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Exhausted Vitality, and the ten thousand ills that flesh is heir to, whether arising from Errors of Youth, Imprudence, Over Taxation, Excesses, Accidental or Constitutional Predisposition. It is an invaluable treatise for the Young, the Middle-Aged, and even the Old, whether in health or disease. No other work equal to it has ever been published. It has been highly praised by the newspaper press throughout the country, and even in England. Three hundred pages, substantially bound, embossed muslin, full gilt. Contains 135 extraordinary prescriptions for prevailing diseases, either one of which is worth five times the price of the book, while some of them are absolutely invaluable, and should be in the hands of everybody. Guaranteed the best work upon the above named subjects, or the money returned in every instance.

PRICE ONLY ONE DOLLAR, by mail postpaid, and concealed in plain wrapper. Illustrative you may never see it again. Address **DR. W. H. PARKER, No. 4 BULFINCH ST., BOSTON, MASS.**, who is the **CHIEF CONSULTING PHYSICIAN OF THE PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE**, and may be confidentially consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience.

SCIENCE OF A NEW LIFE.

The "SCIENCE OF A NEW LIFE," written by JOHN COWAN, M. D., is worth its weight in gold to every thoughtful Man and Woman, and has received the highest testimonials and commendations from leading medical and religious critics; has been heartily endorsed by all the leading philanthropists, and recommended to every well-wisher of the human race.

TO ALL WHO ARE MARRIED

Or are contemplating marriage, it will give information worth HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS, besides conferring a lasting benefit not only upon them, but upon their children. Every thinking man and woman should study this work. Any person desiring to know more about the book before purchasing it may send to us for our 16-page descriptive circular, giving full and complete table of contents. It will be sent free by mail to any address.

Chapter I.—Marriage and its Advantages. Chapter II.—Age at which to Marry. Chapter III.—The Law of Choice. Chapter IV.—Love and Marriage. Chapter V.—Qualities the Man should Avoid in Choosing. Chapter VI.—Qualities the Woman should Avoid in Choosing. Chapter VII.—The Anatomy and Physiology of Generation in Man. Chapter VIII.—The Anatomy and Physiology of Generation in Woman. Chapter IX.—Amativeness—its Use and Abuse. Chapter X.—The Prevention of Conception. Chapter XI.—The Law of Continence. Chapter XII.—Children—Their Desirability. Chapter XIII.—The Law of Genus. Chapter XIV.—The Conception of a New Life. Chapter XV.—The Physiology of Inter-Uterine Growth. Chapter XVI.—Period of Gestation and Influence. Chapter XVII.—Pregnancy—its Signs and Duration. Chapter XVIII.—Disorders of Pregnancy. Chapter XIX.—Confinement. Chapter XX.—Management of Mother and Child After Delivery. Chapter XXI.—Period of Nursing Influence. Chapter XXII.—Post-natal. Chapter XXIII.—Diseases Peculiar to Women. Chapter XXIV.—Diseases Peculiar to Men. Chapter XXV.—Illustration. Chapter XXVI.—Impotence. Chapter XXVII.—Subjects of which more might be said. Chapter XXVIII.—A Happy Married Life—How Secured.

The book is a handsome 6vo., and contains over 400 Pages, with more than 500 Illustrations, and is sold at the following prices: English cloth, beveled boards, gilt sides and back, \$3; Leather, sprinkled edges, \$3.50; Half Turkey Morocco, marbled edges, gilt back, \$2.50. Sent by mail, securely sealed, to any address, on receipt of price. Send money by P. O. money order or registered letter at our risk. AGENTS WANTED, to whom we offer liberal terms. Send all orders and applications for Agency to

P. O. Box 2707. J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers, 31 Rose St., New York.

ADVENTURES

Of an Arkansas Doctor. A book of 108 pages, 10 Illustrations. Choice reading; by mail, well sealed, 50 cents; 3 Books, all different, \$1. Parties ordering 3 books will have other samples of similar nature sent for their inspection. T. H. JONES, Box 372, Jersey City, N. J.

MAIL OR EXPRESS.

Book—Consists—Illustrated, and 311 pages; price, \$1.50. Also, Transparent Playing Cards, \$1.50 per pack. I guarantee the above, and will send as samples the Book and Cards for \$2. W. SCOTT, 80 Nassau St., New York.

"FRENCH FUN." A musical bed. "At a French Watering Place." "Which was the madman." "Had no fun in him." "Urged to try again." "How they did it." "Where the fun came in." "She called it cream." "Set of six rare pictures, colored, ten samples of gilt-edge transparent playing cards, set of imported pictures. I will send all the above to you for \$1; 3 sets of all the above, \$2. LIBERTY SUPPLY AGENT, 80 Nassau St., New York.

A SILENT PROTECTOR! Price, 50c.; 5 for \$1.; or \$2 per dozen, with samples of other goods. Well sealed by mail. W. SCOTT, 80 Nassau St., N. Y.

"A Night Scene," "Did It For Love," "On a Night," "The Spanish Virgin," "The Night Piece," "A Nymph's Passion," and three other pieces of poetry, 50 cents. Sent sealed. "She Got There," "Next Day," "Starting in the Wrong Place," "Grip Tight," "Working Up," 50 cents. **THE FIRST NIGHT.** A one act play, 24 pages, 50c. All the above goods, \$1. PARK NOVELTY CO., Box 1, 101, Philadelphia, Pa.

HUSBAND WANTED I am 25 years of age, height 5 feet 8, weight 120 pounds, have a turn-up nose and am looking for a young, healthy, affectionate man. On my wedding day I will give my husband \$100 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make over to him the balance of my property which consists of \$10,000 in government bonds and twice this amount in cash. If you are interested in this offer, please send me your name and address, and I will send you a photograph of myself. Address, CLIMAX PUBLISHING CO., 14-D, CHICAGO.

"AS IN A LOOKING GLASS." A book of 240 pages. Mailed secure. Price 50c.; transparent Cards (53) with hidden colored views, 50c.; our set of 20 photographs (card) daisies, set 20c.; ivory (charm) photo view magnified 1,000 times, 20c.; lovers' combination package, many funny things, 20c.; 14 spirited pictures, "Before and After Marriage," 20c. All of the above goods complete for a \$1 bill. THE NOVELTY SUPPLY CO., Box 104, Oswego, N. Y.

Collection of pieces of poetry and prose, entitled, "Adventures of a Newly Married Couple," "A Bashful Man's Experience on his Wedding Night," "What Tommy Saw Under the Parlor Door," "The Nuptial Night," "How to do it," and 7 others. Reduced to 25c. Box 55, Jersey City, N. J.

The "POLICE GAZETTE" will be regularly mailed to any address in the United States 13 weeks, on receipt of One Dollar. Good live agents wanted in every town and village to canvass for subscriptions where the paper is not now being sold. Send stamped addressed envelope for samples, terms, etc., to RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

"Phantom Bride," "The Spanish Armada," \$1 each; "Secret Agent," 50c.; "Little Sentinel," 25c.; "The Little Maiden," 50c.; "A Lover by Proxy," "An Old Maid's Paradise," \$1 each. All at one time, \$2.00, well sealed. FRENCH IMP CO., Box 127, Boston, Mass.

11th, Matrimonial Paper, 6c. L. Clark, Wiscor, Minn.

For other advertisements see 11th and 15th pages.

GENTS! A splendid photograph of a lady who wants to correspond with a view to matrimony, also full particulars, sent postpaid for 15c. State your age and occupation. We have 500 members—many of them beautiful and wealthy. Mention this paper. Address McDONNELL'S MATRIMONIAL ASSOCIATION, Brighton Park, Ill.

SECRETS OF NATURE EXPOSED. MARRIAGE GUIDE. A Book of Nature, a Private Guide to Marriage Life, showing (50 ENGRAVINGS) Birth, How, Why, What, and relations of sexes. Send \$1 bill to J. A. MACKENZIE, Box 345, Jersey City, N. J.

FRENCH BOOKS.—Over 100 pages; 20 to 40 Illustrations in each. "La Cour d'Amour," \$1.00; "L'Homme Hereux," \$1.00; "Les Nuits Parisiennes," \$1.00. The three together, with sample photo, secure for \$2.00. French Playing Cards, \$2.00 per pack. IMP CO., Box 127, Boston, Mass.

The "Police Gazette" Standard Book of rules upon all games sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

RARE BOOKS; 48 PAGE CATALOGUE FREE. RARE & CURIOUS? BOX 2633, NEW YORK.

Three!—A teasing love letter, will read two ways; 15 versions of Love, and 3 of the funniest cards ever issued, 4c. for postage. W. S. SIMPSON, 230 W. 84th St., N. Y.

Night emissions, waste in the urine permanently cured. Use Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

"How a Married Woman Goes to Sleep," (comic reading) and 100 popular songs for 10c. Catalogue free. W. H. SEICHTER & CO., 6th St., N. Y. City.

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KEY-HOLE IN THE DOOR AND 104 OTHER POPULAR SONGS FOR 10c. Song List Free. H. J. WEHMAN, 130 Park Row, N. Y.

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Rules on Billiards in the "Police Gazette" Standard Book of Rules. By mail 25c. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

JUICE OF THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT, Something to Tickle the Girls. I could tell it if I felt it in the dark, "Some Girls Do, and Some Don't." "Juice of the Forbidden Fruit." "You Can't Do It, You Know." "Something to Tickle the Girls." and 200 others, sent secure, at the reduced price, 25c. AGENT, Box 12, 34 Church St., New York.

MATRIMONIAL PAPER. Illustrated. Sent 3 months on trial for 10c. HELPING HAND, Chicago, Ill.

Too funny for anything! 14 spirited pictures, "Before and After Marriage," 20c. Box 345, Jersey City, N. J.

Books! Photos! Etc. Send 2c. stamp for catalogue. C. CONROY, 10 Duane St., N. Y. Established 1853.

Different Ways of Doing it, with Illustrations, sealed for 30c. Address WELCOME GUEST, Chicago, Ill.

16 Novels, 100 Songs and a Breezy Paper 3 months for 12c. THE NOTE BOOK, Dwight, Ill.

"Maid's Confession," "The Maiden's Dream" with photos, 15c. Cat. 2c. Box 345, Jersey City, N. J.

FREE! A Golden Dawn. An Illustrated Novel. N. M. GIER, Port Homer, Ohio.

For other advertisements see 11th and 15th pages.

PUBLICATIONS.

SONGS!

"I Could Tell It if I Felt It in the Dark." "Some Girls Do, and Some Don't." "Juice of the Forbidden Fruit." "You Can't Do It, You Know." "Something to Tickle the Girls." and 200 others, sent secure, at the reduced price, 25c. AGENT, Box 12, 34 Church St., New York.

A SILENT PROTECTOR! Price 25c.; 3 for 50c.; 8 for \$1. The Secret Helper for ladies and gents, 50c.; 3 for \$1. A Phantom Lover, \$1. Phantom Bride, \$1 each. One of each, with useful information for both sexes, sent well sealed on receipt of \$2. Address CATON & CO., Box 5257, Boston, Mass.

SECRETS OF NATURE EXPOSED. MARRIAGE GUIDE. A Book of Nature, a Private Guide to Marriage Life, showing (50 ENGRAVINGS) Birth, How, Why, What, and relations of sexes. Send \$1. Bill to PAUL LEE & CO., BROOKLYN NEW YORK.

THEY ALL DO IT! DO WHAT? Send 12c. to "Social World," Box 530, Boston, Mass., for illustrated paper containing 300 personal advertisements of ladies and gents who desire Correspondents for Amusement & Matrimony.

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SECRETS for Lovers! A Book for Private Perusal! Tells Everything! Only 10c.; 3 for 25c. THE WESTERN SUPPLY CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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The Proper Study of Mankind is Man. Know Thyself. Just published, (pocket edition), either in English, Spanish or German, a series of lectures addressed to Youth, Manhood and Old Age, as delivered at the Museum, or to those unable to attend sent free, by mail, to any address on receipt of 25 cents in postage stamps. Address Secretary, New York Museum of Anatomy, 708 Broadway, New York.

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Ladies' "Peerless" Shields, patented, 50c. each; 3 for \$1. CATON & CO., Box 5257, Boston, Mass.

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Rules on Boat Racing. See the "Police Gazette" Standard Book of Rules; mailed free, 25c. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

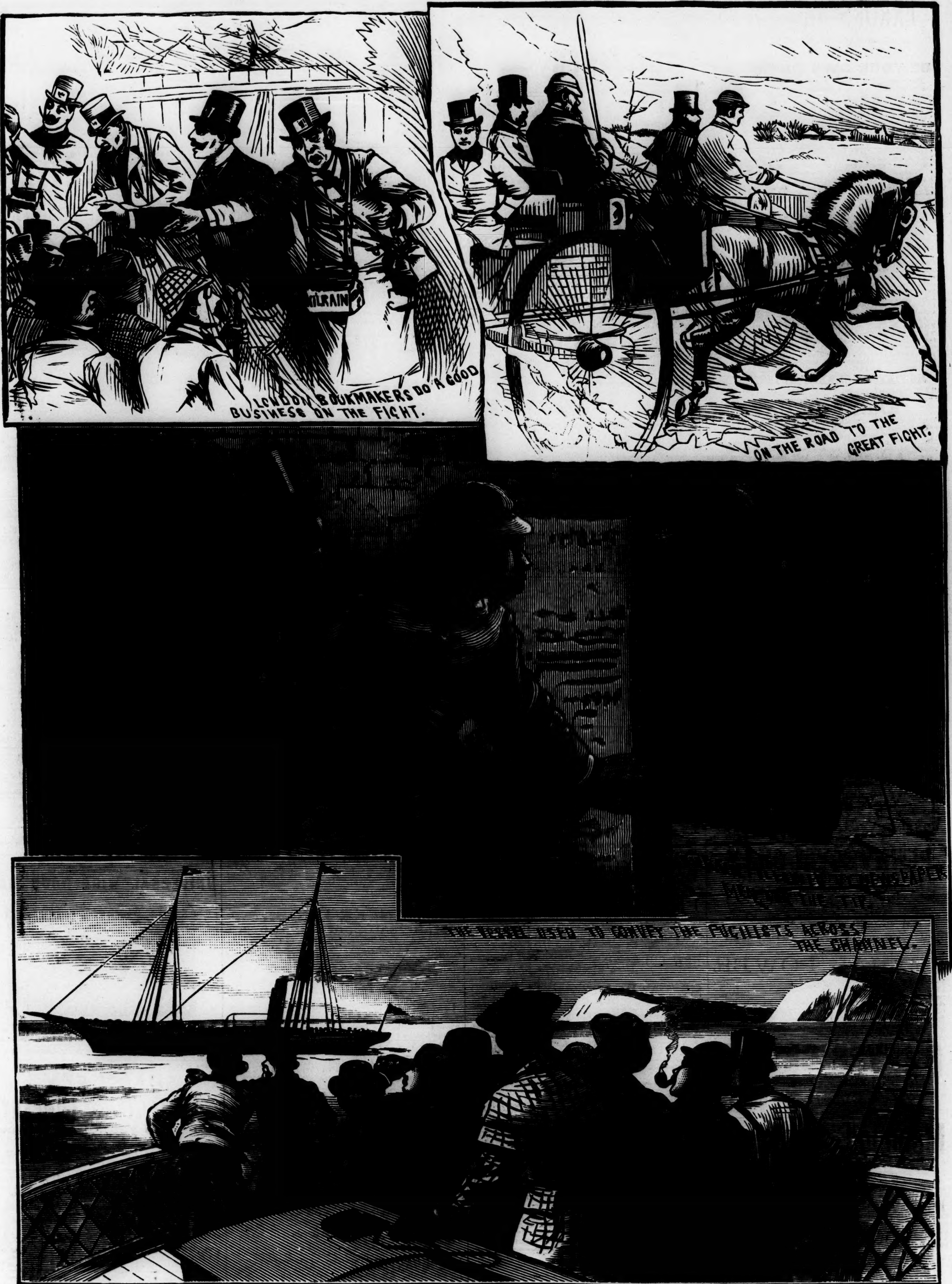
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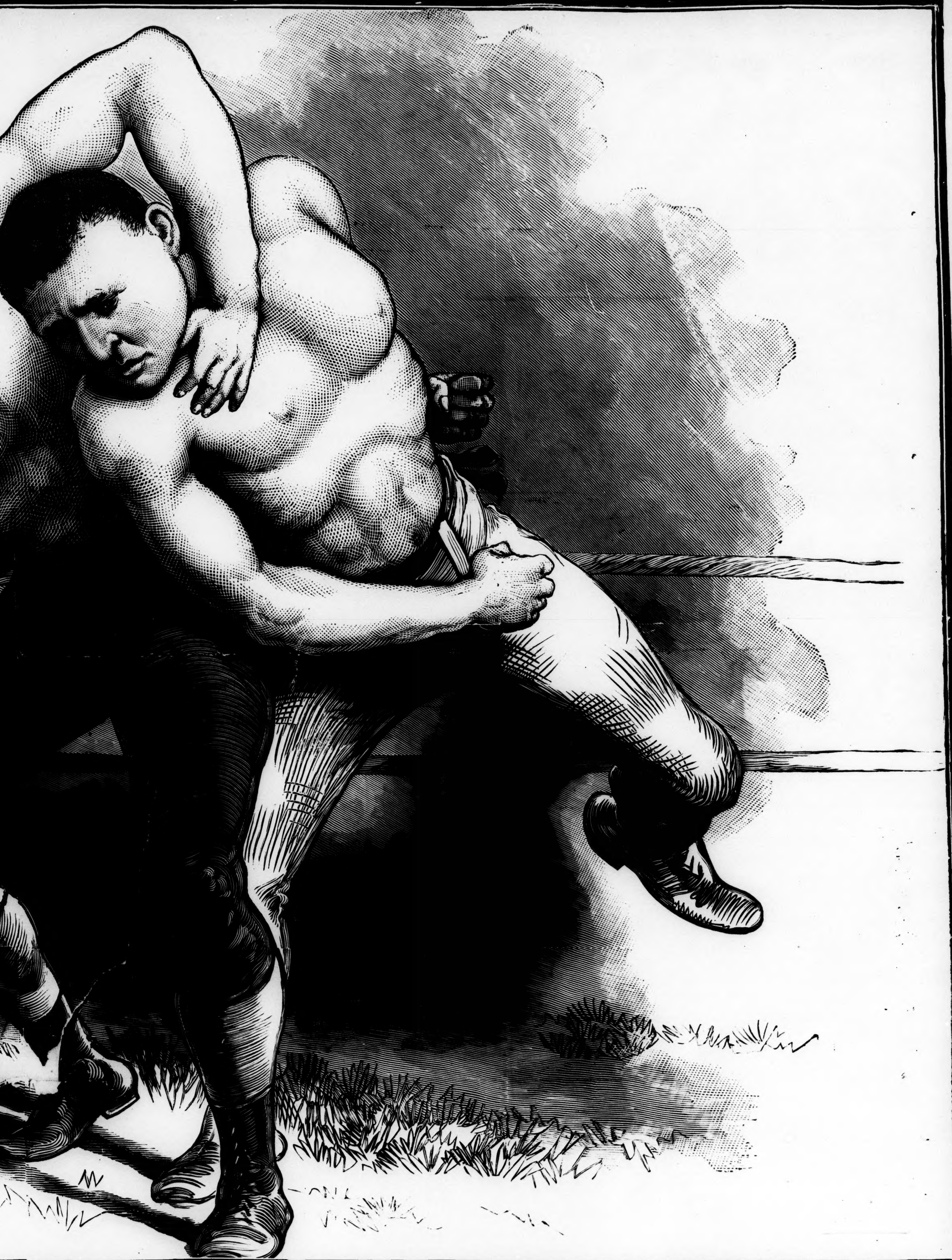
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